# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

VOL. X.---NO. 21.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY,
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1849.

WHOLE NUMBER 489.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY,
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to S. H. GAY, New York.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or S. H. GAY, New-York.

E. NORRIS, PRINTER.

## The Southern Press, North.

From the Georgetown (Ky.) Herald.

### A WORD TO ABOLITIONISTS.

The following sensible and truly Christian letter of a Richmond merchant to the Northern Abolitionists, is copied from a late *New York Observer*, with that paper's brief introduction. All whose fanaticism is not hopelessly insane, it would seem to us, most be persuaded by this expostulation to discountenance any future assaults upon Southern feelings and Southern rights, so far as domestic Slavery is concerned.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

Mr. Reeve, now of Richmond, Virginia, but a native of this State, a layman, and a commissioner who attended the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (New School) which held its meeting in May last, has sent us the following article which we cheerfully insert, and hope it may be carefully pondered by those to whom it is addressed.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"I am a native of the State of New York, and as such address you. I love my native State, and honor all that is great and good in it. But I love my adopted State also, and my knowledge of her people justifies me in speaking of them with confidence.—They have their faults, (and "let him that is without sin cast the first stone,") but I know not a more devoted, warm-hearted body of Christians than is to be found here in the midst of Slavery. Cease, then, to vilify and abuse them, "lest haply ye be found even to fight against God" in the persons of his people.

"*Cease contending with an imaginary evil.* The abstract question of Slavery is not the one at issue between us. Our country, by common consent, has decided that freemen shall not be subjected to Slavery, and our laws make the foreign slave-trade piracy. The question between us is, domestic Slavery as it now exists in this country, and the duty of slaveholders respecting it. Now, I am no advocate of Slavery. There are evils, possibly necessary evils, connected with the system, under the most favorable circumstances, which I deplore, and I desire most sincerely that the time may come when there will not be found a human being on earth in Slavery, either to his fellow man or to his own corrupt appetites and passions. In this wish we can probably unite, but in regard to the general character of slaveholders in this country, or to the time and mode of abolishing the system of Slavery, we are at an irreconcilable distance from each other, and it cannot be presumptuous in me, after a residence of thirty-four years in the midst of Slavery, to assume that I understand the system and the difficulties which are connected with its Abolition better than most of you can possibly do. Bear in mind that this system did not originate with the present generation, nor with Southern men. Your father or grandfather, or perchance mine, may have had as much to do in originating and fostering it as any slaveholder now living. When you denounce us, then, as *pirates, murderers*, and *manstealers*, (terms unseemly in the mouth of a professed follower or minister of the Lord Jesus Christ,) you may in effect be blighting the memory of those whom it is fair to presume you once loved and venerated.

"Although born and reared to manhood in the State of New York, yet, during all that period, there were slaves in my father's family, for emancipation under its wisely gradual operation had not then fully accomplished its work there; and who will venture to assert that New York would have been more ready to free her slaves than Virginia, had the circumstances of climate, crops &c., been the same.—I dare not, because I do not believe it. There is no more disposition to make sacrifices, for the sake of principle, among the people of my native than my adopted State. But to the question between us.—You assert that it is our duty at once to free every slave, without reference to the welfare of master or servant; in short without regard to consequences. This we deny, upon every principle that ought to influence the feelings or the conduct of men, viz: self-preservation, the real good of all parties concerned, and the word of God. Under the guidance of these, we are laboring as men, and as Christians to find out what is our duty, with an honest purpose to discharge it. You cannot but see and feel that, after all, the slaveholder, and the slaveholder alone, under our Constitution and laws, can act finally and effectually in this matter, unless you intend by revolutionary measures, by embruing your hands in a brother's blood, to accomplish the work of Abolition by force. I am aware that there are a few reckless spirits who would even attempt this desperate, though necessarily fruitless effort; but I hope and believe "better things" of the great body even of avowed Abolitionists.

"Permit me to say, then, that we shall make far greater progress in the work of gradual emancipation if we are let alone. Unkind attacks harsh censures, inflammatory appeals to slaves, and efforts to aid them in escaping from their masters, are the most effectual means which you can employ to postpone an event which you profess to have so much at heart. I speak advisedly, when I assure you that your unwise and injudicious efforts (to use no stronger terms) have retarded the progress of emancipation, and thrown it back, in several of the States, many years. True, you have occasionally succeeded in liberating here and there an individual slave, and this may appear to your distorted imagination a great matter; but what are these few to the mass who are left? For every one freed by your injudicious efforts, you rivet the bonds with tenfold strength upon a thousand. You increase the severity of our slave laws, you discourage and cripple our efforts to instruct our slaves in the great principles of morality and religion; you would drive out of the slaveholding States every Northern minister now among us, and prevent others from coming here, and thus deprive both master and slave, to a great extent, of a preached gospel. In short, in every way, you render the condition of the slave worse, *far worse*, than it would be if you had never meddled with the subject in the manner you have. I scarcely care to hope that my opinions and advice will have weight with you, or influence in any degree your conduct; but, if not, I shall have discharged my duty, and on you will rest the responsibility of rejecting the honest opinions of a Northern man, long resident in the midst of Slavery, and placed in circumstances where he had all the advantages of experience and close observation.

"We are not opposed to a courteous and kind discussion of the subject. We are not surprised that men born and reared in the free States should disapprove of Slavery. We have no quarrel with Anti-Slavery men for their honest opinions upon this subject, not for their expression of them on suitable occasions. But we do object to the views of *immediate Abolitionists*, and to the manner in which they express them, and attempt to carry them out.

"In conclusion, allow me to request that you will seek information upon this whole subject from reliable sources, and not altogether from prejudiced and interested parties. Look at the system and its evils as fully as you please, only avoiding distorted views of it. On the other hand, consider the extent and magnitude of the system, and how closely interwoven it is with all the social, civil, political, and religious institutions of our country, and the utter impossibility of rooting out such a system, with all connected with it in a day. Consider that those who sustain the relation of masters are *men* and *Christians*, who, for intelligence, morality and religion, claim to be your equals in every respect; and who cannot feel that you have a right to sit in judgment upon them, and denounce them, because they cannot see with your eyes. Learn to appreciate the character, feelings, and principles of slaveholders, and the almost insurmountable difficulties which surround the subject of general emancipation, even could all masters be brought to desire it; and may our common Lord and Master make the path of every duty clear to all parties interested in this great subject, and give them hearts to do His will.

"As I know not to what extent the views expressed will be acceptable to my brethren, I wish to involve no one but myself in the responsibility, and therefore append my proper name.

SAMUEL REEVE."

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From the Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.

### DEMOCRACY NOT ABOLITIONISM.

In Lockport a meeting of Democrats was held a few days ago, at which the following resolutions were passed:

*Resolved*, That Slavery is a moral, social, and political evil. For its introduction, into the United States, our government is not responsible; and the federal government should relieve itself from responsibility for its existence wherever it possesses the constitutional power to legislate on the subject.

*Resolved*, That Congress has the power over Slavery in the District of Columbia.

*Resolved*, That Congress has not the power over Slavery in the States.

*Resolved*, That we are opposed to the extension of Slavery into the free territory of the United States.

*Resolved*, That the federal government possesses the legislative power over Slavery in the territories and ought to exercise it so as to prevent the existence of Slavery there.

Whereas an amendment was introduced into the resolution adopted at the Syracuse Convention proposing a union ticket, requiring that the nominees of the Utica convention should be well known and acknowledged Democrats; which amendment was intended, as avowed at the time, to proscribe a large class of the democracy of this and other States, several of whom were expressly named in debate, and whereas this construction of the resolution has been given and approved by several prominent newspapers, and has not anywhere, to our knowledge, been disavowed, Therefore

*Resolved*, That we regard the union of the two sections of the Democratic party, as having been intended by its true friends to be formed upon principles of the most perfect equality, as well in regard to the two sections of the party, as to the individuals of which they have been severally composed; and we consider those from the Whig and Liberty parties who acted with the free Democracy last fall, as entitled to all the rights of political brethren; and we distinctly avow our determination to discountenance and oppose every attempt to proscribe them.

Without intending to question the fact that these resolutions express the sense of the majority of the Democrats of Niagara county, or to claim any right to object to the expression of such opinions, it so entertained, we think it neither unseasonable nor improper, at this time, to discuss the general scope and tendency of the resolutions and to express our own opinion as to the true position of the Democratic party on the subject of Slavery, and towards those under the names of Abolitionists or Anti-Slavery men make opposition to Slavery the sole foundation of their political action, as well as towards those who, formerly known as Whigs or Abolitionists or Anti-Slavery men, are now willing to identify themselves thoroughly with the Democratic party, supporting its time-honored principles and its regularly nominated candidates, trusting to the wisdom, justice, patriotism and magnanimity of that great party for a just appreciation of their political claims, and for proper action in relation to those particular questions concerning which their minds have been most strongly excited.

So far as the resolutions above quoted, express enmity to the institution of Slavery, they repeat a sentiment which was more emphatically declared by the people of the State of New York many years ago, when they voluntarily abolished Slavery within their limits. If that act itself, or the opinions and feelings which led to it have ever since been repented of or changed, we are ignorant of it. But when the resolutions go farther, and lay it down as the imperative duty of Congress to use its legislative power, wherever it possesses such, to abolish Slavery, already existing by virtue of laws passed before Congress received such legislative power, they take a step very widely astray from the settled policy heretofore pursued by the Democratic party, and in direct opposition alike to its system of constitutional federal limitations, to its principles of local rights, to its sacred regard to the will of existing local political communities, which for certain purposes, (foreign to their own *domestic* government) have been placed under the power of Congressional legislation. When the Democratic party of the Union abandons these, it ceases any longer to be the antagonist of the Whig or Federal party: for (in its national aspects) these are the essential bases of its organization, as the true representative of the spirit of our national existence, and as the opponent of those who (*by disregarding these very considerations*) would erect our Congress into a supreme legislative despotism, like the French Chambers, imposing upon unwilling communities laws more or less oppressive in proportion as they are more or less opposed to the will of those who are subject to them. Against such an abandonment of the proud position heretofore so triumphantly sustained by our party, we have no hesitation in entering our PROTEST.

The question before us is a very different one from that, "whether Congress should prevent Slavery from being established, under its authority where it does *not already exist*." As presented in these resolutions, the proposition is to abolish it where it already exists, and where Congress has the power to abolish it, and as the resolutions go on to say that Congress has the power to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia and *not* in the States, and as there is no slave "Territory" now possessed by the United States, or subject in any way to its laws, the conclusion follows that these resolutions express it as the opinion of the Democrats of Niagara, that it is the duty of Congress to disregard all the considerations which have heretofore influenced it, and to yield an unconditional surrender to the Abolitionists, who have, it must be remembered, professedly confined their purposes, for years, to the single point of the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia. If the Democrats of Niagara are content to occupy, with those of some few other counties, a position of isolation from their political brethren of the State and Nation, it is their unquestionable right to do so; but that the deliberate voice of the Democrats of the State at large will respond to such sentiments, we deem to be impossible.

We do not intend to take any more than a passing notice of the uncalled-for fling, in these resolutions, at the Syracuse Convention, for "requiring that the nominees of the Utica Convention should be well-known and acknowledged Democrats," as a condition of support. Why then did Democrats ever require less? Does any man in his senses suppose that it is in the power of any political organization to impose it as a duty, upon those who are subject to it, to vote for their known and acknowledged opponents? Nothing but the most sinister influence acting within a Democratic Convention could torture such an expression into an intention to proscribe a large class of the free democracy of this AND OTHER States.—Pray, what had the resolutions passed at Syracuse to do with *other States*? The manifest bad temper of the resolution in which these expressions occur, will be noticed by every reader and we purposely pay no farther attention to it. Not so however with the idea, rather suggested than advanced, in the last of these resolutions, that Whigs and Abolitionists, *who do not profess to adhere to the general principles of the Democratic party*, are now to be received into favor, because they were among "the individuals who composed" the so-called "Free Democracy."

We have always been disposed to open a wide door to the Democratic fold, for all who are willing to enter it, whatever may have been their past course, and in this we are unchanged, nor is any one more willing than we are, to extend the most perfect confidence, (or when occasion offers, to place them in positions of trust and confidence,) towards all such persons as may have proved their comprehension of, and belief in the Democratic creed, and their fitness for such stations. These views are entirely consistent with the action of the Syracuse Convention, and would not be inconsistent with those of the Democrats assembled at Lockport, if the latter do not mean by "those from the Liberty and Whig parties who acted with the Free Democracy last fall," persons who, while they do not subscribe to the principles of our party, may still be willing to be elevated to office by means of our organization. To such men the Democratic party can *never* extend its confidence, and we trust that no political body will attempt to force their support upon them.

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From The New York Herald.

SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH—EX-GOVERNOR HAMMOND'S VIEWS.—We have perused with a great deal of interest, a very able article in the *Southern Quarterly Review*, which we understand is the production of ex-Governor Hammond, of South Carolina. It is a review of Elwood Fisher's remarkable lecture on Southern institutions, and gives some views concerning the social institutions of the Southern States, which are decidedly novel, and entitled to some consideration and weight.

The conclusion which ex-Governor Hammond draws from the premises which he lays down, is, that the institution of Slavery in the Southern States is essential to the production of the staple articles of that part of the Confederacy—cotton, rice, sugar, &c. It does not follow, he contends, that an agricultural people must necessarily be a wealthy people. History proves that no people essentially agricultural have been permanently wealthy; and yet the Southern States are wealthy, although they are essentially agricultural. To account for this advantage in favor of the Southern States of this Confederacy, which forms an exception to all experiences in history, there must be some influence at work, which an intimate acquaintance with Southern agriculture and Southern social institutions will, after a little investigation, bring to light. The reviewer possesses the necessary acquaintance, and after investigating the reasons why the Southern States, which are essentially agricultural, are wealthy, he finds that what makes that portion of the Confederation an exception to all other agricultural countries, is the institution of Slavery, which excites so much abhorrence from the fanatics of the North and East, who are ignorant of its practical workings.

How, then, does the institution of Slavery exercise this influence? Breadstuffs, wines, and the more costly raw materials of clothing, are the chief productions of agriculture throughout the world. The cultivation of these articles, it is contended, does not require continuous labor. A farmer who raises ten thousand bushels of corn, has rest after his crop is secured in his granary. He can convert it into money immediately, and his time is his own until the planting season again comes round. When he shears his sheep, he can dispose of his fleeces immediately; and it is the same with his maize, and all the other numerous productions of agriculture throughout the world. There is a period of rest, of cessation from labor, in cultivating those articles; but the system of Southern agriculture is widely different. The articles which our Southern States chiefly produce, are cotton, rice, and sugar, and the production of these requires continuous labor, from year's end to year's end. The laborer on the Southern plantation has no rest—he has no relaxation from toil. No sooner is a crop of cotton, of rice, or sugar secured, than the earth must be prepared for another. It is absolutely necessary, when a crop of these articles is housed, that the manual labor of the plantation should be applied to field work immediately; for if delay is made, the casualties of floods, frosts, &c. might jeopardize, if not completely destroy the next crop, and render the planter bankrupt. No one, we suppose, will deny the necessity that exists of maintaining a constant supply of the staples of our Southern States. Let us picture the dreadful sufferings that would ensue, not only to this country, but to the whole world, if, by chance, the productions of the Southern States failed for one year, or for two. And they would fail, were not this continuous labor, this never-ending attention, bestowed on their cultivation.

It is apparent, then, that the system of agriculture of the South is wholly different from any that has ever existed in any country. Where can we find this continuous labor which is so essential for the production of our Southern staples? Free whites will not willingly undertake such continuous work, at the same employment, without a much higher compensation than agriculture will afford. They never have done so, they never will; and, should slave labor cease over the globe, those staples would relapse into the insignificant position they occupied two centuries ago. Slave labor, therefore, is essential to Southern agriculture, because none other can be had; and as the Southern States are essentially agricultural—as they form an exception to all other agricultural countries, as being wealthy—it follows that the institution of Slavery which prevails there, is the cause of that wealth and prosperity. The peculiar system of agriculture at the South could not, for the reasons above mentioned, exist without Slavery, and Slavery would be of no value to the South without it. They, therefore, are mutually dependent on each other, and are linked with the very soil of the South.

This view of the Southern institutions is novel, ingenius, and important. It puts the question of Slavery in a new light before the people of the North, and we commend it to the attention of the Abolition fanatics, who, if they could only carry out their abstract idea of Abolition, would do so, irrespective of the consequences that would certainly ensue to society, as well as to the slave population. We commend it to them, because they boast so much and so loudly of their philanthropy. Will those disturbers of the peace of the country—those fomenters of difficulty, ill-feeling, and dissensions between different sections of the Union—maintain, for a moment, that if we had a system of agriculture similar to that of the South, which could not be pursued except by slave labor, they would be in favor of its abolition in the North? We can answer that they could not. There is as much philanthropy in the South as there is in any other part of the confederacy; and we feel perfectly confident that if slave labor had not been unproductive, the institution would not have been abolished in the South to this day. When Slavery existed here, it was employed as it is in the South, in agriculture; but the system of agriculture here is not of that peculiar kind which prevails at the South, and which, as has been demonstrated, requires continuous labor all the year. Hence it was abolished. If cotton, rice, and sugar were our staple productions, we are perfectly confident that the institution would never have been abolished. The people of the North are not a whit more philanthropic or holy than those of the South, and if they imagine they are, we deceive ourselves.

Let us take a glance of countries whose agriculture was of the peculiar system which prevails at the South, and in which Slavery has been abolished, and see what was the consequence. We need not go far for an illustration. If we cast our eyes to Jamaica, Hayti, and other West India Islands, where Slavery has been abolished, the result is apparent. Not only have the agricultural productions of those islands fallen off in a most extraordinary degree, but the slaves themselves have been debased and degraded. The tie which united them with the soil, and which conferred mutual benefits on them, and on their masters and society, has been severed; and the consequence is, that they have become reckless, idle, and abandoned. While they enjoy abstract personal liberty, they are the slaves of their own worst passions, and are reduced to a state of degradation that they were free from when slaves.

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The Albany Argus referring to the Post Office difficulties at Pendleton, (S. C.) says:

"In several other localities of South Carolina, similar missives have been received, and excited feelings, and in some instances have led to proceedings not unlike those detailed by the Pendleton Messenger.

It will thus be seen that the Abolitionists have resorted to a new mode of interference and attempted agitation. No one can doubt that the design is mischievous, and has its origin in the *political* aims of Northern Abolitionists. The movement is wholly without justification, and can lead to no possible good—nor is any such result sought or expected to be attained.

It is to be regretted that sensitive people in Southern localities give any such movement importance by allowing it to irritate them, and by proceeding to acts in themselves unlawful. We are not surprised that they resent these attempts at interference with their domestic affairs of the Southern States; but they are unworthy of notice or feeling, and if the letters were universally refused, the scheme would fall, like other mischievous efforts, innoxious, and excite only contempt. The chief motive is to excite feelings and provoke irritation at the South. If they succeed so far, they will have accomplished more than half their purpose. If treated with indifference, and allowed to pass unnoticed as worthless, the sinister agitators would soon cease their profitless labors in this department of Abolitionism, and the epistles would go to the General Post Office—at this moment, perhaps, not an uncongenial receptacle.

## THE STANDARD.

### Ohio Convention.

We published in the last *Standard* the Report of the Ohio Convention, for which we were indebted to the proof-sheets of the *Bugle*. The last No. of that paper contains the Letters read at the Convention, which we copy that the Report may be complete.:

LETTERS.

*From Sydney Howard Gay,*

OLIVER JOHNSON:

*My Dear Friend*—I wish it were in my power to reply in person rather than by letter to the kind invitation you send me, on behalf of your Committee, to attend the approaching Convention of the Young Abolitionists of Ohio. It is something more than ten years since when, calling myself by that name, I met for the first time, with a small room-full of Anti-Slavery people in my native town, and I know of no decade celebration of that event that I should so much like to make as to renew among the hearty and vigorous Abolitionists of the West, in one of their great, enthusiastic, out-door meetings, the silent pledge of that night. Your great gathering now represents the Anti-Slavery cause at this moment, as our little monthly meeting then did the cause of ten years ago. For my own part, however, I do not feel that I have, on that account, less to do now than then. They lose the race who stop short of the goal whether near its beginning or its end. That you, in Ohio, mean to come in winners is very evident.

Will your Convention pardon me a word of exhortation in place of the usual declamation which is thought appropriate for letters written for such an occasion? You are fortunate, probably, in bringing together the Abolitionists in larger numbers than at any previous time: do not separate until you have done more for the cause than has ever been done before in your State. I know that the principles of Anti-Slavery will be set forth clearly and eloquently, and that all will go home from your meeting more deeply impressed than ever with their truth, more firmly persuaded of their duty in maintaining and spreading them, their faith, in every way, quickened and confirmed, and their zeal and energy strengthened and increased. This is a great deal, but it is not all. It is the foundation upon which to erect the building, but it is not the building itself. The edifice you mean to erect will not rise above that foundation unless every worker goes to his place not only determined to do the work, but with a clear understanding of what his share of it is to be and with a firm conviction that however silent and solitary his labor may be, there are thousands working like him alone, that each is necessary to all, and all to each, and that the sum of their labor only will make a complete whole. In one word—ORGANIZE. Establish throughout the length and breadth of your State a complete communication with each other, from one central point, so that the necessities of any section, however remote or unenlightened, may never be unknown or unheeded, and all that is done, be it a great thing or a small one, may be done with the will and the might of the whole. Moral power, with us, is everything, but we want physical power as well; and that moral power is increased by concentration, as that physical power cannot exist without it, is as true as Arithmetic. No great enterprise was ever conducted to a successful issue without coöperation, and it is preëminently the fault of Abolitionists that in theirs it is, in a great measure, disregarded.

I pray you consider this matter; and when your Convention seperates, may it not dissolve itself into its original elements of individual atoms, but be considered in perennial session all over the State, in the homes of every one of its members, to be filled with faith and good works till Slavery be abolished. I remain, your friend,

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13, 1849.

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*From Abby Kelley Foster.*

WORCESTER, Mass. Sept. 10, 1849.

*Dear Friend:* You invite me, on behalf of your Committee, to meet the Anti-Slavery Young Men and Women of Ohio in Convention, on the 21st, 22d and 23d instant. My present duties lie in the uncultivated field of Eastern New York, whose stubborn soil has scarcely been broken by the Anti-Slavery plow. My entire energies are demanded there. Personally I cannot be with you, but my warmest sympathies will be there. Can we be separated from those in the West with whom we have toiled, and wept, and rejoiced, and who are still with us, engaged in earnest labor for the same object? No. Their labors are ours, and ours are theirs, and we are with them oftener than the morning. The purer moral atmosphere engendered by their efforts mounts upward, and, rolling over the Alleghanies, embraces that which flows from the Atlantic coast westward, and mingling makes fitter breath for a freer, rising generation.

I rejoice that this important Convention is called at such a time. 'Tis the best time. For tho' the spirit that is fully baptized into the sufferings of the slave, and sees the heavy curse that lies on his oppressors and on every interest of the country, can find no time for inaction, yet we cannot fail to see that there are seasons peculiarly adapted to our work. When a National election is pending, and the entire moral and intellectual heavens are obscured by the clouds of passion, of prejudice and of party strife, we labor to little effect. But when the tempest has spent itself, and the clouds have passed away, in the clear light of reason and the calm reign of conscience, the word of the Abolitionist falls with incalculable force. The politician appeals to the passions and prejudices of a people, exciting their bitterest animosities, and by these means seeks to carry his point. It answers his purpose, for 'tis temporary success he aims at. No such work is ours. We seek to establish freedom for a nation. A people are free in proportion as they are intelligent and virtuous. Hence, ours is a reformation whose foundations are to be laid in the hearts of the masses, for it must be permanent. Therefore, in the cool of the day, when the fever of the political debauch is passed off, we approach this people.

And not only because the din of political excitement is hushed is this a season peculiarly adapted to succeed our efforts, but the first impediments that stood in our path have been removed. The Nation is thoroughly aroused. There is no nook or corner so secluded that some ray of Anti-Slavery light has not penetrated it. We have the ear of the people as never heretofore. They know they cannot stave off this question. The cause has acquired so much momentum in its onward course, that we are carried forward of its own force. And again, since the assignment of the Liberty party into the hands of the unequivocating Free Soil party, there is no hypocritical faction to mislead the true-hearted but unwary.

Here then we stand—our camp purged of traitors—our pathway to the enemy cleared up—our strength vastly increased by the stern discipline of former service—and last, not least, our enemies on every hand, North and South, East and West, thrown into utter confusion and in violent conflict with each other.

'Tis ours, then, at this auspicious moment, to return to the charge with more energy and perseverance than at any former time.

By the purity of our hands from the slaves' blood, contrasted with the blood guiltiness of their oppressors we must shame them into decency. By the warmth of our hearts must we melt theirs. By the enlightenment of our understandings must we dispel the darkness from their minds. And just in proportion to our own purity, to the fervor of our own love, and to the amount of our own intelligence, shall our enterprise be accelerated.

Fellow laborers! Let us bend ourselves to this vast work. Let us count no sacrifice of time, of money, of ease, of reputation, too great to be laid on this highest, noblest, purest altar ever erected by God for the offerings of his children.

Yours, for a speedy jubilee,

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

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*From Hon. J. R. Giddings.*

JEFFERSON, Sept. 8, 1849.

*My Dear Sir:* I tender you thanks for the kind invitation tendered me to attend the Convention of Young Men and Women to be held in Berlin on the 21st inst. I regret to say that prior engagements will deprive me of the pleasure of being with you on that occasion. That we differ in regard to the measures most like to attain the speedy triumph of our object, the relief of the oppressed and the elevation of our race, is most true. But that difference renders me at all times more anxious to meet and compare views with you on the subject which now absorbs the public mind.

While I regard you as a fellow-laborer in the great field of philanthropy, I am not permitted to dictate the manner in which you shall perform your work. My salutation shall rather be, "work on, and work *ever*," until our labor shall be accomplished, and we be permitted to retire to our rest.

The points of difference between us increase my desire to be at your meeting; an interchange of sentiment might encourage and strengthen us, and prove mutually beneficial.

It gives me great pleasure to assure you that the Cause of Humanity is progressing with a rapidity hitherto unknown among us.

Please accept for yourself and Committee the assurance of my high regard.

Yours, for the oppressed,

J. R. GIDDINGS.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq.

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*From Frederick Douglass.*

ROCHESTER, 4th Sept. 1849.

*My Dear Johnson:* Your kind letter, honoring me with an invitation to be present at the contemplated Convention of the Young Men and Women of Ohio, is before me. I have no words to tell you how glad I should be to attend that Convention—nor how much I regret my inability to do so. It is indeed soul-cheering to observe the activity and spirit which characterize the Old Organized Anti-Slavery movement in your State. I say *Old Organized*—though in truth there is no *New Organized* Anti-Slavery in Ohio or elsewhere. *That*, if it ever did exist, is now dead and buried. The glorious cause now rests upon the shoulders of men and women who honor principle more than men—and who are resolved to fight the battle of Freedom on the most disinterested grounds; turning neither to the right nor left—attacking Church and State, Constitution and Government, principalities and powers, and wickedness in high places, making war upon everything that opposes the high and Heaven-blest cause in which they are engaged—without compromise and without concealment. With this class I am proud to be connected. As our old Anti-Slavery Pioneer once said, in a speech of his in New York, I am willing at all times to be known as a GARRISON Abolitionist. I must close, for I write in haste, by wishing the Convention all the harmony consistent with *Free Speech*, and every success in spreading Anti-Slavery truth in Ohio.

Yours, most sincerely,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

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*From Edward M. Davis.*

PHILADELPHIA, 8th mo. 30, 1849.

OLIVER JOHNSON:

*Dear Friend*—Thine of the 24th is before me. I am glad you are getting up a Convention for the Young People. A new generation has grown up since one was held in this part of the country, and I judge it is so with you. We old folks must not presume to do all the work. It is absorbing too much of the really good things of this world for us to stand in the way of those younger. I consider it a privilege to work in the Anti-Slavery field. What a blessing it has been to many of us; indeed to all who have gone into it from love to man.

How I would like just to see the folks of your region! Do you know I have always pictured them as looking and working upward? I should like to see if it is so, but I cannot possibly leave. You have my best wishes.

Very truly,

E. M. DAVIS.

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*From Jane G. Swisshelm.*

SWISSVALE, Sept. 11th, 1849.

OLIVER JOHNSON:

*Dear Sir*—I am truly grateful for the kind invitation you have sent me, on your own account and on behalf of your Committee, to attend your Convention. I desire so much to go to Salem, that it is painful to say I shall not be able to go. The present state of our family requires my presence at home. Yet I want to visit the Western Reserve, just to see the phenomenon of an Anti-Slavery community. It appears to me so like a dream of Utopia to think of a town or settlement, where most of the people are opposed to Slavery, and in favor of doing anything for its overthrow, that nothing but actual observation could make me realize its existence. I never was in such a place. I should like to see your Convention—to see a great crowd of people leaving their business, and coming together to devise ways and means to "undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free." It is a fast day you are going to have, holy, and acceptable unto the Lord—such an one as He has chosen—such an one as He will accept. Efforts to elevate mankind—the judging the fatherless, and pleading for the widow—the remembering those who are in bonds as bound with them, are the oblations of the incense of which he will not weary; and I would I could make one in this worshipping assembly. I would my aspirations could ascend in a cloud with those of kindred spirits to besiege the throne of

"God who looks from heaven on high
To hear the prisoner's mourning groan,
And free them that are doomed to die."

This is all I should have *to do or say*, except to see and hear those I might meet. I never take any active part in a public meeting—seldom, very seldom, attend a public gathering of any kind. I am constitutionally unfit for exciting scenes, and have a special vocation for a quiet fireside. Then I was brought up after the strictest manner of the law, a Pharasee—taught that women should keep silence in churches, and although my husband utterly refuses, and has always refused, to teach me at home, still I obey the first part of the command, and keep my mouth shut in church, except when singing commences, and then, instead of being silent, make as much noise as possible. As this is strictly Orthodox, although as plainly anti-scriptural as preaching, praying or lecturing can be, it passes muster with the Orthodoxy, and I avoid being classed with outside barbarians, like——no matter whom. Maybe, friend Johnson, thee and thy friends can make the application.

I observe that one-half of your Committee are women. This is a precious state of affairs! Where are Mr. Masculine Prerogatives, Mrs. Propriety, and Miss Feminine Delicacy? Do none of them ever visit that region? Women making arrangements for a public Convention! Why, yes, to be sure!—They might cook, make flags, sweep out a church to meet in, decorate a stand for speakers, kiss the distinguished visiters, make a feature in the landscape, and do any amount of hurrahing; but to be regularly appointed, official members—to meet in a Committee of arrangements on equal terms with members of the wiser sex, is positively startling—can't see how they can possibly get through without a pair of pantaloons for each. Women, too, will get up and speak in your Convention, just as if they had any right to talk, publicly, about the blessed privilege women enjoy in this land of being publicly sold on the auction block! Do the women out there not know that this Slavery question is political? Even your Disunion view is political, for you aim at annulling a great political contract. Well, what right have women to meddle with politics? Maybe they argue that keeping the Sabbath is politics, inasmuch as it is enforced by legal enactments, and that it has long been esteemed woman's glorious privilege and bounden duty to contribute her time, talents, and money to promote the passage and observance of such laws; but two wrongs never make a right.—Politics are politics, and plainly out of woman's sphere: and the women down in that region have gotten away off the dishwashing, drawling, dressing globe that has so long been assigned to her use. If this old earth continues to turn round after this, we shall very likely all drop off and alight on the new sphere of an equal humanity.

Pardon me for talking irony, friend Johnson, to the Convention of friends with whose object I so fully sympathize. This world is such a monkey-show—the acts upon life's stage are so comically dramatic, that one scarce knows whether to laugh or cry.

As to the great object of your Convention—the overthrow of Slavery—my heart is with you. Your particular plan does not strike me as the best or most practical; but thus far I agree with you: The value of the Union is nothing compared with the Liberty of the people—of all or any part of the people. If that liberty can be best and soonest secured by abolishing the Union, let it go. No political advantage can compare with the blessing of freedom. I entertain no fear of being identified with your objects and aims: I might get into far worse company, and if I thought more could be accomplished for humanity by laboring with the Disunionists, I would be with them. They are the advance-guard of Liberty's army, and the Great Commander appears to have assigned my place in the rear. I shall do what little I can here, if that should only be to bring water to those at work, while to you who are in active service I say, work on in hope of a peaceful emancipation, if you can. The West India slaves were peacefully emancipated, and possibly ours may be; but for many years I have expected a closing scene of blood.

Yours in haste,

JANE G. SWISSHELM.

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*From Samuel May, Jr.*

BOSTON, Sept. 14, 1849.

*My Dear Friend:* I have received the kind invitation, which you say you were instructed to convey to me by the Committee of Arrangements, to attend the Young Men's and Women's Anti-Slavery Convention in Ohio, to be held the 21st of this month and following days. Though it is quite out of my power to accept the invitation, and in bodily presence be with that interesting assembly, convened for so holy and unselfish a purpose, yet I, sensibly feel the honor which your invitation implies, and would gladly convey to every Anti-Slavery heart in your Convention the assurance of my sincerest sympathy, and of my deepest interest in their labors.

The Anti-Slavery Cause, like true Christianity, requires the devotion, and is adapted to enlist the sympathies of every person, of whatever condition, and at whatever period of life. It can dispense with the aid of no honest and good heart, and furnishes ample scope for the best powers of every such one. Still, it seems peculiarly gratifying and peculiarly encouraging when we see the *young* men and women of our land pledging the freshness of their powers, the unhackneyed impulses and convictions of their natures, to this cause,—a cause which embodies in itself, to an extent which none other does or can in this land, the elements of the strictest right, the soundest morality, and the purest religion.

For I believe, my dear sir, and it is a faith which has been steadily gaining strength within me for the past ten years, that the Christianity of this age—certainly so far as the Nation is concerned—is in the Anti-Slavery cause. In this cause I recognize the closest moral and spiritual identity with the religion taught by Jesus, the Messiah of God, and by his devoted disciples. Its principles are the same,—its foundations in the eternal principles of righteousness and justice, the same,—the weapons with which it strives, and expects to conquer, the same,—the chief opposition, the most desperate obstacles with which it has to contend, the same even "spiritual wickedness in high places,"—the tactics and missiles of its enemies, the same, malice envy, false witness, deceit, treachery, revenge. They who consecrate themselves to this cause, and work in it without regard to the favor or fear of man, read the Scriptures of the life and teachings of Jesus, God's well-beloved Son, with annointed eyes, with understanding hearts, with such faith, and such vision of God, as the expediency-led and popularity-hunting *Christians* of this day know nothing of. Jesus Christ stands before this people in the Anti-Slavery cause, and says to them, as he points to the man fallen among thieves, "Inasmuch as ye do it not to *these my brethren*, ye do it not to ME." The prevailing sentiment of the people, social and religious, joins itself with the priest and the Levite and passes by on the other side, thus proving its sympathy and identity with that false religion of the Saviour's day which arrayed itself against him, reviled him, persecuted him, calumniated and crucified him. And the ministers of this false religion of the majority are the very image and counterpart of those "Scribes and Pharisees" who bound heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and laid them on men's shoulders, themselves refusing to touch them with one of their fingers, who shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, going not in themselves, and hindering those who would, who devoured widows' houses, and made long prayers for a pretence, who were as whited sepulchres, outwardly fair-seeming but full of all uncleanliness within, and whom Jesus denounced as *hypocrites*, and *blind guides*, whom we shall cease to follow, just so soon as we wish to escape the ditch into which they will inevitably fall.

I do not mean to say, and you will not understand me to say, that there is no other subject, save that of Slavery, which demands our service, on the score of right, justice, and truth. I hold no such narrow thought. Indeed there is nothing narrow, one-sided, or limited in the true Anti-Slavery idea. The principles on which it is founded underlie all human action, all social being, all the relations of man to man, and are never faithfully and fully received or understood by us till we are prepared to apply them, in all cases, and to all men. Yet, my brother, Anti-Slavery, in our day and country, is the true touchstone which determines the character of every soul, for there is nothing else which tries "as by fire" now. No one can neglect this cause, or be cold towards it, and be trusted to defend any other post, maintain any other great principle, in a time of real need. While a subject is *popular*, and it is reputable and profitable to espouse it, adherents and advocates can be found in multitudes, but it is not at such a time, nor under such circumstances, that the true friend or faithful servant can be known. If a man will not come to the defence and rescue of a cause so preëminently just, so overwhelmingly important as that of the overthrow of Slavery, the "sum of all villanies," because it is not prudent and popular to do so, we may be sure that the ties which bind him to any other professedly good and religious object are worthless, and will prove in the hour of temptation as tow before the flame. The Anti-Slavery cause is, in the thrilling words of Lowell, "God's new Messiah," and though it be "despised and rejected of men" afresh, it is not less worthy of our love, our veneration, our unalterable devotion, nor will it the less dignify and bless our lives. May the young men and women of your great and growing State, who meet with you as the foes of Slavery, and the friends of God, rightly discern the high and holy work to which they are called, and welcome right heartily the labors and the sacrifices, and sufferings, too, to which their fellowship with the upright and good of every age may lead them. "Let them arm themselves with the mind of Christ"—it is an armor of surest proof—even with an unflinching devotedness to the truth, with a fearless spirit in defending the right, in resisting and rebuking the wrong, in giving no place to the seductive baits of the tempter, with a hope which shall hold them up though they stand alone in a region of unbelievers. Let *them* be the true soldiers, who shall *take up the cross* of Christ. What cross do the nominal Christians of the day take up? Let them bless the land, and honor themselves before God, by receiving the whole faith of Anti-Slavery, and enlisting with that band whom God shall make mighty to pull down the strongest holds of sin. Coveting earnestly for you all the best gifts, I remain,

Your fellow-servant and co-worker,
SAMUEL MAY, Jr.

*From John Smith, of Trumbull County.*

*To the Convention of Anti-Slavery Young Men and Women of Ohio:*

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES: In reading the call for your Convention, I came to the following sentence; "We do not refer to any precise or exclusive numerical standard when we speak of young men and women; but would leave individuals to determine for themselves whether or not they are included in this class, only expressing the hope that they will be extremely liberal towards themselves in settling so delicate a question!" Now in settling this question in the highest possible extreme of liberality towards myself, I readily, though cheerfully, come to the conclusion that my grey hairs exclude me from a Convention of young gentlemen and ladies. But, being desirous of the success of immediate emancipation—wishing to cheer you on in this glorious cause of love and philanthropy—being encouraged by a remark in your Conventional call which says, "Devotion to Truth, an earnest and ever-increasing love for the Right will preserve the soul in perennial youth, though the body may wear the marks of age,"—I determined to be with you, if not in body, yet in *heart* and in *mind*. In the exercise of the privilege of perennial youth, conferred on an old man for his devotion to Truth, I ask leave to present to your consideration, for discussion and adoption by the Convention, if they judge proper, the following resolution, viz:

*Resolved*, That the object of this Convention—to wit, the immediate abolition of American Slavery—can never be accomplished but by *moral* and *bloodless* means.

If this resolution comes before the Convention, I wish to make the following brief remarks:

Mr. President: The abolition of Slavery—the object specified by the resolution now before the Convention—can never be accomplished but by means *moral—bloodless*.

I remark, 1st, Slavery is an evil that has its seat in, and is sustained entirely by, the depravity and corruption of the *moral sentiment* of the people, whose consent is the acknowledged governing power of the nation. Their understandings must be enlightened and their consciences resuscitated. The individuals who compose the nation must be brought to act in their associated capacity, under the influence of their *individual* responsibilities. The moral sentiment of the people must be changed. If Slavery could be abolished without the consent of the people, or against their will, how long would it continue so?

2d. The resolution under consideration is substantiated by *historical facts*. The Reformation under Martin Luther was a moral and religious enterprise, for the recovery of the rights of the people; and so long as it was kept on its own basis—so long as truth and error were allowed fair play, and free combat and free public discussion were kept up, the reformation progressed: but as soon as an appeal was made to arms, Truth fled. The subject of the controversy was compromised, and so the work of reformation in this form ceased.

Take another series of historical facts—*The American Revolution*. The nation had become so far enlightened in moral science as to discover and put forth to the world the great self-evident proposition that all men, as their natural born inheritance, were entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This declaration was put forth as a kind of national pledge, marking the course it designed to pursue in its future progress. In the struggle for Freedom the nation appealed to arms. After a long and bloody war the American people obtained their Independence. But in the formation of a government, their moral power had fallen far below zero, as the effect of war, and a change of position. They compromised their declaration of inalienable rights, and sacrificed the acknowledged liberty of millions of their brethren to the *Union and Constitution* of the United States. What they had gained in physical strength and martial prowess, they had lost in integrity and moral courage.

In farther confirmation of the position of our resolution, I might call your attention to those revolutions which at the present time convulse almost the entire population of Europe. What if O'Connell had lived, and his party had been true to their principles of bloodless reform? What if the Pope of Rome had continued true to genuine peace measures?—What if the Olive Leaf of France had flourished as the green-bay tree?

But I forbear to trespass on your time, and will make but one remark more; and leave to abler and more interesting speakers. In the formation of the Federal Government, Slavery became an ingredient in the organic laws of the land.—The Declaration of Independence—the national pledge to support the freedom and inalienable rights of all men—was *compromised for the* Union and Constitution. Here, then, I can put my finger definitely on the very evil, and its origin, for the removal of which we as a Society are organized. Our fathers made a fatal mistake in compromising the liberties of their colored brethren for the Union and Constitution. We never can remedy the evil except by *retracing the step*. As honest men and women we cannot take the Anti-Slavery pledge without *relinquishing* the Union and Constitution. If we take back *Freedom*, we must restore the price paid for it. If we have betrayed innocent blood, we must cast back the thirty pieces of silver. What right have we to blame the *fathers* for making the compromises, while *we* voluntarily sustain the conditions and pocket the benefits?

Yours, for the moral and peaceful abolition of Slavery,
JOHN SMITH.

MECCA, Trumbull Co. O.
Sep. 20, 1849.

*From Mary Grew.*

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14th, 1849.

RESPECTED FRIENDS AND FELLOW LABORERS:

It would give me much pleasure were it in my power, to accept the invitation which the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society have kindly given me to be present at your Convention. As this, however, cannot be, I send you my word of greeting across the mountains. The hearts of the friends of the slave, here at the East, will rejoice in the fact of such a Convention as yours. It speaks hope to the slave; encouragement to the friends of freedom. The eyes of this nation have long been turned to the great and growing West, and its future influence on the destinies of our country has, perhaps, not been exaggerated.—Whatever this influence may be, it is, especially, in the hands of the Young Men and Women of the West. It cannot then be otherwise than a hopeful and joyous sign of the times, that a portion of the Young Men and Women of Ohio are preparing to concentrate their energies and renew their efforts in the glorious work of emancipating three millions of American slaves, and removing from their country her deepest disgrace. The past services of Ohio in this cause, and the courage and ardor of her youth, promise much to our enterprise, from this movement. May its results prove that our confidence is not unfounded!

You can scarcely need any word of mine, by way of suggestion or encouragement, but the warmest fraternal greeting I joyfully send you. The wants and the dangers of our cause, you have, doubtless, well considered, and experience in its service must have qualified you, better than those not on the ground, to select the wisest methods of promoting it in your section of country. But there are some difficulties and perils which our enterprise meets everywhere, to which you will permit me to allude. The day of violent opposition against the Anti-Slavery cause, and open assault of its advocates, has, probably, at the North, at least, gone by; but not less to be dreaded are the more insidious foes which, at present, require our vigilant watchfulness. The peculiar danger of our cause, now, is that its friends will be *won*, not *driven*, from their stronghold. From the popular sentiment against Slavery, and especially, against its extension, which is more and more pervading the North, and the growth of a political party whose watch-word is Free Soil, arguments are drawn by crafty foes and dim-sighted friends of freedom, to induce Abolitionists to compromise important principles, and descend to a lower platform than that which they have so long and steadfastly occupied.—Here is our danger. Abolitionists have nobly borne aloft their standard through scenes of peril from without and treachery within their ranks, and it has never been stricken from their firm grasp. The power of persecution has been tested upon them, and they came out of the fire purified and strengthened. They are now passing through a more fearful ordeal, and it remains to be seen whether they will endure, as bravely and as well, to be courted and flattered by pro-slavery political parties, and half-converted religious sects, now that their enemies have become professed friends, and those who once threatened and anathematized them, appear before them as suppliants, or whether they will weakly falter, and yield the vital principles of our cause, which they have so long stoutly defended and faithfully preserved. Will you respond for Ohio, pledging her to fidelity to the watchword, "No union with Slaveholders?" Will you pledge, for her, zealous and untiring individual and combined labor, on the part of her Anti-Slavery sons and daughters?

I have one other word to say to you, dear friends, who are to bear up the Anti-Slavery banner in Ohio. Permit me to intreat you to see to it that your own hands are pure from the blood of the slave; that on you cannot rest the charge of making the slaveholder your agent to furnish you with food and clothing bedewed and stained by the tears and blood of his victims; that you have no such union with slaveholders. May a voice, condemning such inconsistency, go out from your Convention, which the whole nation shall hear!

With earnest wishes for the abundant success of your plans and efforts for the promotion of our glorious cause, in Ohio, and throughout the nation, I remain,

Your friend and fellow-laborer,
MARY GREW.

*From Charles C. Burleigh.*

CANTERBURY, Ct. 9th mo. 21, 1849.

*My Dear Friend:*—Returning, a few days ago, from a tour of Anti-Slavery duty, I found awaiting me at home, your letter of the 24th ult. inviting me in the name of the Committee of Arrangements, to attend the Anti-Slavery Convention of the Young Men and Women of Ohio. I fully intended to answer it in time for my reply to reach you before the rising of the Convention, but in the variety of other duties which claimed attention first, (and the more for the absence from which I had just returned,) the lapse of time was well-nigh forgotten, till the sight of your still unanswered letter reminded me of my purpose, when it was already too late to accomplish it.

I heartily regret this, for I was very desirous to be *represented*, at least, in your Convention, since I could not attend it in person. To be personally present, if that had been consistent with my duties elsewhere, would have pleased me much better; but that was impossible. And now,—I am truly sorry to have to say it,—I have allowed myself to lose the privilege, which *was* in my power, of being with you in my written word of sympathy and cheer; for to-day you gather, and before this can traverse the space between us, you will have dispersed again.

But this thought consoles me for my loss; that neither my bodily presence nor my written word was needed to animate your gathering with a fervent zeal and a determined spirit, in behalf of the cause which summons you together; or to aid you with counsel in regard to the fittest means to be employed for its promotion. I know the character of Ohio Anti-Slavery, and particularly of the Anti-Slavery of the Young Men and Women of Ohio, too well to doubt that your Convention will be a noble gathering of true hearts: and that its proceedings will be at once deeply interesting, and productive of much good to the cause of the oppressed. I remember, with lively pleasure, my own experience at different periods within the last ten years or more, as a laborer in that part of the field of Anti-Slavery toil; and can testify with a grateful heart to the abundant kindness and hospitality and warm sympathy with which the Anti-Slavery laborer is welcomed by kindred spirits there, and the faithful and effective co-operation with which they greet his efforts. Many of those who will doubtless help by their presence and participation to give interest and efficiency to your meeting, it is my happiness to reckon among my acquaintances and valued friends; and all of them, I love to regard as true brothers and sisters in the household of the faith of impartial freedom. And it is truly pleasant to me to know that they think of me on such an occasion as this, and wish to have me among them.

To say that I cordially approve of the holding of such a Convention, would be but to testify my belief of the truth so often affirmed, so generally admitted, and indeed so evident in itself, that, under God, the chief hope of Reform in all its various departments, is in the young. For if this be true, it is evidently of the first importance that the young men and women of our country should be interested in the cause of reform; should be called together to consider its claims upon them; should have their minds enlightened in regard to the work whereunto God's Providence is calling them, and their best feelings awakened to urge them to its performance. It is no less true that this force which may be made so effective for good, should be duly organized, and wisely directed; to which ends, concert and mutual consultation are necessary.

But it is needless to multiply words on a point so clear. Suffice it to say that, for reasons of which a plenty will suggest themselves to every intelligent mind acquainted with the demands and resources of our cause, I rejoice at this movement of the Young Anti-Slavery of Ohio; and heartily wish it all the energy, and earnestness and perseverance which are necessary to complete success; and all the success which well directed energy and zealous earnestness and untiring perseverance deserve and cannot fail to win; and all the richness of reward which will result from success in an enterprise so glorious, and from the bestowal of blessings so great and manifold upon the oppressed, the oppressor, our country and the world, as its success will be certain to bestow.

I might have said more, had I written sooner, so that what I said would have had a chance to find hearers, but now I will close with a hope that you will forgive the seeming neglect of which I have been guilty in this delay, and accept for yourself and those in whose behalf you wrote, the assurance of my brotherly regard and fellow-feeling for the cause in which you are engaged.

Yours, truly,
C. C. BURLEIGH.

### John M. Barrett.

The Grand Jury, we learn from the *Columbia* (S. C.) *Telegraph*, have found a true bill against John M. Barrett for "bringing into and circulating within the State of South Carolina certain papers calculated to disturb the peace of said State." He was admitted to bail of $1000. A correspondent of the *Telegraph* gives the following account of the proceedings:

THE STATE VS. JOHN M. BARRETT.—The indictment against JOHN M. BARRETT was given to the Grand Jury by the Solicitor, General WHITNER, at 10 A. M. on yesterday, and was returned about 4 o'clock, P. M. the Jury having found a "true bill." He is charged in the indictment under the act of 1820 with "bringing into and circulating within the State of South Carolina certain papers calculated to disturb the peace of said State." [7 Stat. p. 460.] Considerable interest was manifested by a large audience in anticipation of the approach of the case, but there was by no means that degree of excitement which a stranger might naturally have inferred from the circumstances attending the previous history of the case; and I am satisfied from a minute observation, and repeated inquiries of those best qualified to judge correctly, that the citizens of Spartanburg are determined that JOHN M. BARRETT shall receive that which every defendant in a court of Sessions is entitled to according to the whole spirit of our laws, a fair, patient, and impartial hearing and trial. The case was called to-day (Thursday) at 4 1-2 P. M. when the Solicitor moved a continuance on the part of the State for the purpose of procuring certain testimony, which he had not succeeded in doing as yet, and the importance of which had been but recently developed. It was stated by the Solicitor that he desired a speedy termination of the case, both as an individual and as a Law-officer of the State. He had desired the trial to be brought on during the present term, but as recent investigations had convinced him that there was evidence which he believed could be procured before next term, and which might or would prove of material importance, he felt constrained to move a continuance, and leave the proposition at the discretion of the Court.

SIMPSON BOBO, Esq. Counsel for Defendant, in reference to the motion, expressed his concurrence in the desire manifested by the Solicitor for a speedy trial, and stated that in justice to the Defendant he could only consent to a continuance on conditions—that he himself had been exposed to personal inconvenience from his position as Counsel, and that the imprisonment of the defendant had already affected his health, and could not be extended much longer without a fatal result. The case was accordingly continued on the following terms: 1st. That defendant be admitted to bail on entering into recognizance of $1,000, with good security in like sum (for which amount as you are aware he has now a certificate of deposit;) and 2d. That he be permitted (in conjunction with the Solicitor) to examine by regular commission all persons residing beyond the limits of the State, whose testimony might be desired by either party.

The case has thus been disposed of for the present term, and all who know the private character and professional standing of the Solicitor (as many of your readers do) must be satisfied at once that the rights of the State, and the claims of public justice have been, and will still be, promptly and faithfully vindicated, while justice compels us to add that the Defendants' Counsel has discharged the delicate yet necessary trust which he had undertaken, with strict regard to his duty as a citizen and an Attorney of the State of South Carolina. It is to be regretted, perhaps, on some accounts that the matter could not have been finally disposed of at this term; but I see no reason to be dissatisfied at the order taken, which may lead to still further disclosures of great importance to the State, and other States, perhaps, and which can lead to no unnecessary deprivation of the defendant's liberty. In one matter it is to be hoped that the Counsel for defendant was somewhat mistaken, in intimating as he did, that he had been subjected to personal imputations of a reproachful character for having undertaken the defence of this case—if so, it must have been to a very limited extent, for I think I know too well the feelings of Carolinians and the high estimation in which they hold the sacred duties of Counsel as intimately connected with the pure and unsuspected administration of justice, to believe that such could have been the case to any general extent.

I should state, as part of the history of the case, that defendant's Counsel applied also for permission to examine by commission not only persons residing [within the State, but in other and distant districts. This, however, was promptly and very properly refused by the Court. C.

# The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1849.

### To ——.

I.

We, too, have autumns when our leaves
Drop loosely through the dampened air,
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare.

II.

Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go,
At noon our sudden summer burns,
Ere sunset all is snow.

III.

But each day brings less summer cheer,
Crimps more our ineffectual spring,
And something earlier every year
Our singing birds take wing.

IV.

As less the olden glow abides,
And less the chillier heart aspires,
With drift-wood beached in past spring-tides
We light our sullen fires.

V.

By the pinched rushlight's starving beam
We cower and strain our wasted sight
To stitch youth's shroud up, seam by seam,
In the long artic night.

VI.

It was not so, we once were young,
When spring, to womanly summer turning,
Her dewdrops on each grassblade strung
In the red sunrise burning.

VII.

We trusted then, aspired, believed
That Earth could be re-made to-morrow,—
Ah, why be ever undeceived?
Why give up faith for sorrow?

VIII.

O, thou whose days are yet all spring,
Trust, blighted once, is past retrieving,
Experience is a dumb, dead thing,
The victory 's in believing.—J. R. L.

### The State of Deseret.

The Mormons have at last found a resting place.—They have made a settlement in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, as they call it, in the Northern part of California, east of the Sierra Nevada, and at the sources of the Sacramento river, and have organized a provisional government, and appointed delegates to come to Washington next winter, to solicit admission into the Union as a State.

In February last they held a Convention, and adopted a Constitution in which they style themselves "The State of Deseret;" or, of the "Honey-bee," according to Mormon interpretation.

The Valley they inhabit is about 150 miles long, and 20 or 30 wide. Its population is estimated at 6000, nearly all of whom are Mormons.

The first article of the Constitution is as follows:

"We, the people, grateful to the Supreme Being for the blessings hitherto enjoyed, and feeling our dependence on Him for a continuation of those blessings, do ordain and establish a free and independent government, by the name of the State of Deseret, including all the following boundaries, to wit:—Commencing at the 33d degree north latitude, where it crosses the 108th degree longitude west of Greenwich; thence running south and west to the northern boundary of Mexico; thence west to and down the main channel of the Gila river, on the northern line of Mexico, and on the northern boundary of Lower California, to the Pacific ocean; thence along the coast northwesterly to the 118th degree 30 minutes of west longitude; thence north to where said line intersects the dividing ridge of the Sierra Nevada mountains; thence north along the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains to the dividing range of mountains that separate the waters flowing into the Columbia river from the waters running into the Great Basin; thence easterly along the dividing range of mountains that separate said waters flowing into the Columbia river on the north from the waters flowing into the Great Basin on the south, to the summit of Wind River chain of mountains; thence southeast and south by the dividing range of mountains that separate the waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico from the waters flowing into the Gulf of California to the place of beginning, as set forth in a map drawn by Charles Preuss, and published by order of the Senate of the United States, in 1848."

The provisions of the Constitution do not much differ from those of the States. In the Declaration of Rights it is declared, "that all men have a natural and inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and the General Assembly shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or disturbing any person in his religious worship or sentiments—provided he does not disturb the public peace nor obstruct others in their religious worship."

This Constitution was adopted on the 10th of March, 1849.

Nothing is said in the Constitution about Slavery.—Of their social condition a correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser* says:

"Their houses are small, mostly made of sun-dried brick, with some few log huts. The city is two or three miles square, and filling up rapidly with Mormons from the United States.

"In the course of a ride to-day, I took a most delightful bath in a pool of warm mineral water near the city plot. The pool is from 30 to 40 feet in diameter, and gives a large and fresh supply of water.

"I have also taken a bath in another spring—one of warm sulphate of iron—and it is really a most delightful treat. The bath will easily accommodate thirty or forty persons at a time; the water is delightfully fresh, but rather too hot when one first enters it.

"I attended church on Sunday. The meeting was one of public business as well as religious service. The names of the emigrants who had arrived during the past week were read over; the notices of cattle lost and found, with their respective marks, and the particulars for their recovery, were attended to; the programme of the anniversary celebration of their Society's arrival, two years ago, was proclaimed; it will take place soon, and will be a great gala day. The set toasts for the occasion were also read—some of them being very caustic, and others causing great laughter, such as "The downfall of the United States Government," "Three groans for Martin Van Buren," for not aiding them when President, &c. It seemed to be a regular business meeting, with strong allusions to "matters of godliness," and the Mormon faith in particular.

"Our friends, since our stay here, feel a great change in the season, as it is really very warm weather, notwithstanding we are surrounded by mountains—some apparently very near—covered with snow. In this pure and fine atmosphere we cannot judge of distances intervening as in other regions. In visiting many curious localities, on fishing and hunting trips, we have often paid dearly for this inability. The mountain on the other side of the valley appears to be only two miles off, but it is well known to be ten or twelve.

There are many poisonous lakes on the route, of which we were fully apprized, and took care to avoid."

PUNCH AND FATHER MATHEW.—*Punch's* ridicule, will do no less than the more sober, though not more serious, condemnation by other English papers of Father Mathew's treatment of the Anti-Slavery question in this country. Its aggrieved correspondent 'Sambo' says:

TEETOTALISM TRIED BY THE RULE OF FATHER MATHEW.

(*To Massa Punch.*)

"SAR,

"Him bery much 'bliged to you for grantin him de fabor ob a place in your baluable collums de toder day for him romarks on de sayin ob FADER MATHEW dat Slabery be not forbidden by any passidge in de Scripture.

"Since den him been 'minded by a friend ob de niggar ob anoder pint him glad wid your permishn to recomend to de 'tention ob de berry rebberend Fader. 'Pose dere no passidge in Scripture agin Slabery—witch I say dere am—wot place FADER MATHEW got to show dat forbid de use ob formented lickere?

"Him know bery well dat Bible forbid wine drinkee for drunkee. But it 'low him in moderashun; and in one place recomend a little for de sake ob de stomach; and besides tell how water was change into wine at a marriage feast,—meant to be drink dere him spose, by de leaf ob FADER MATHEW.

"By de berry rebberend Fader's own rule, Sar, he no right to preachee teetotal abstnce from alkhol, and pretend to teach better dan de Book.

"Wen FADER MATHEW delibber sermon, him wonder if he ebber talk ob de 'Slabery ob drunkenness,' and de 'Slabery ob de debble?' Slabery, him warrant, de worst word he can use for low, wretched, miserable, shameful state. Do de Scripture 'low any man to keep him broder in sitch a state as dat, Sar?

"Him read, todor day, *De Life ob Jonathan Wild*, by the celibrated Novlies, FIELDING. Wen JONATHAN condemn to be hang, de Ornary ob Newgate come to conbert him. JONATHAN propose bottle ob wine. De Ornary say he prefer punch, 'cause punch a licker nowhere spoken agin in Scriptnre. So FADER MATHEW's an old argment, and used, too, long time ago, agin FADER MATHEW.

"Baleeb me, *Massa Punch*,
"Your bery humble Sarbent,
"SAMBO."

### The Matter in a Nut-Shell.

The *Globe* of this city has never been remarkable for any thing, that we know of, but it has achieved greatness all at once by an honest confession in just enough words. Emerson has, or might have said, that there is something great in any man if he will but let it out.—Though it may be nothing but great rascality. But hear the *Globe*:

"Democrats! shall we go to work and elect the whole ticket, which will enable us to partake of the fat things which will fall from the democratic cornucopia, or shall we remain divided, and be compelled for a number of years to feed on short commons and "cold fodder," until we have not strength enough to withstand a good, stout, old-fashioned, Staten Island Nor'wester?

The *Post*—the other "Free Soil" organ here—is more cunning, though no more honest. The whole party, if one may believe the Coalitionists, is Free Soil now, not Old Hunker, and to that end only did the Van Burens, Butlers, and their compatriots consent to a reunion. This view of the matter affords great comfort to the *National Era*, *Green Mt. Freeman*, and other like papers of 'easy virtue,' who seem glad enough of any excuse to drop the front of opposition to the movement they first assumed. We might raise a question here as to which is the most probable—that the *very* Old Hunkers of the "Albany Regency" have become Anti-Slavery, and consented to march under the leading of John Van Buren; or that John Van Buren is the son of his father and has marched over his followers, the ranks filled up by Liberty Party, to the place from which he deserted. But the *Evening Post* has settled it before it is fairly rested. There has been a Coalition in Michigan also, but there it is between the Free Soilers, and Anti-Slavery-extension Whigs; and the *Evening Post* gives its influence in behalf of the Hunkers of that State, in opposition to the nominees of the Free Soil party!

A correspondent says:

"The Philadelphia Baptist Association at their last annual meeting after a lengthy discussion adopted the following amended resolution:

*Resolved*, That we regard the practice of dancing and attendance upon other worldly objects as amusements, as opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, and prejudicial to the growth of grace in the soul, and should be therefore habitually discontinued by Christians in general, and Christian parents in particular.

"It would appear from this that the Association regard not only attendance upon balls, theatres, exhibitions, parties, &c. as opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, but also "*attendance upon [all] other worldly objects as amusements;*" which would include, of course, hunting, fishing, riding, playing upon musical instruments and singing, playing with children, and in short, indulging in any kind of pursuit for the mere purpose of recreation and amusement. And as the recommendation is made to Christian parents in particular to abstain, we presume it is understood that they should prohibit their children from indulgence in childish sports, in order to fit them to become the subjects of that religion which is so piously exemplified in their own conduct—a religion which would rob life of youth and the year of spring."

Ay! but there is yet more in the matter, which our correspondent does not hint at. We will warrant him that these smooth-tongued gentlemen, rigorous also in the length of their countenances, and immaculate in neckcloths, the pupils of whose eyes disappear in horror at the sound of a fiddle, who would deliver the dancers—though they be children on the green sward, and in the shade of trees—to the judgment, and send the singer of any other songs than may be found in any 'Baptist Collection,' incontinently to everlasting hell-fire, and wailing and gnashing of teeth, regard the stealing of children, though it may be from the bosom of the mother, the whipping of women till the blood-bedabbled whips are heavy in the hands of the executioners, the robbing of men of the wages of their toil, and the thousand crimes which Slavery brings in its train as trifles not worth the nothing of the Christian Church though it be their members that do these things. When Jesus denounced the Scribes and Pharisees, where would these men have been?—among his followers or praying at the corner of the streets?

MOBS IN PHILADELPHIA.---Philadelphia 'sowed the wind and is reaping the whirlwind,' in the almost daily mobs which have become her 'peculiar institution.' During the last week a series of riots occurred, in which several lives were lost, a number of persons were wounded, and one house burned to the ground. It seems that a mulatto who kept a hotel presumed to have a white wife, for which an attack was made upon his house several weeks ago, which, however, was successfully repulsed. The 'Killers' and 'Rats' were this time more successful and the house was destroyed.

Mayor Swift, who put the keys of Pennsylvania Hall into his pocket, and permitted the Hall to be burnt, finds himself now powerless against the mob, which burns houses for the same for which it was then permitted.

☞ The [London] *Weekly News*, in copying the account from the American papers of the interview of Father Mathew and Mr. Garrison, quotes this passage of the Irish Address:

"Slavery is a sin against God and man. All who are not for it must be against it; *none can be neutral.*"

—And, adds the *News*, most pertinently: "Concerning the Father Mathew of the declaration and the Father Mathew of to-day,—none can be neutral!"

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE comes to us this week in an entire new suit, and now not only 'handsome does,' but 'handsome is' apart from its good conduct.—The apparently flourishing condition of the paper seems prove that the people of Ohio are conscious of what a pearl they have secured in Oliver Johnson as the editor of *The Bugle*, and mean to give it a proper setting.—It is their misfortune if they are not, for they will never have a better paper than he gives them.

We copy in another column an appeal of Mr. Brooke, the General Agent for the West on behalf of the Agencies in that section of the country.

CORRECTION.—Our esteemed correspondent, 'Alpha' complains, and perhaps justly, of some errors in his communication in the last *Standard*; particularly of the substitution of the word 'observation,' for 'obscuration' in the 10th line of the 1st paragraph of No. 2, and of 'glory' for 'duty' at the end of the 6th paragraph in the same No. We plead badness of copy, however, in extenuation, as the best composition, and proof-reading cannot always correct careless writing.

## To Correspondents.

J. R. L. Why not? *Shoally*, there is 'platform' enough to stand upon. It would make a good subject of a letter, though he can please himself as to that.

H. B. B. We are obliged to lay his communication aside 'till the next paper for want of room. It will keep as the question probably will not be settled in the meantime.

W. P. Vide, *e. g.* fourth page of the *Standard* of September 20th.

## Domestic Correspondence.

### From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XLVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent meteorologizeth.—Pluviose Predominance.—Wreck of the Emigrant Ship.—Consolations.—Discreet conduct of Captain and crew.—Drought in the midst of floods.—Stupidity of political parties.—The Whig Party likened unto an Anaconda.—The Democrats and the good time coming.—The Free Soilers' flirtation with the Democracy.—Good plot addled and why.—Catherine the Great and the feather breeches.—Example commended with a difference.—The proposed marriage with the left hand.—Democracy nothing loth.—Free Soil coy.—The Norfolk Conventions.—The Correspondent surpasseth Sir Boyle Roche's bird and is like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once.—Mr. Bird's proposition.—The opposition.—The banns forbid.—Democratic disappointment.—Enjoyment of Whig Spectators.—Cut down as a flower.—Mr. Keye's diatribe.—Whig nakedness exposed.—The Correspondent cometh to the rescue of the Whigs and their principles.—He chuckleth over his own sagacity.—He openeth the Scripture of Politics.—And, in conclusion, suggesteth a Garrisonian Committee of Superintendence, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, Oct. 11th, 1849.

Have you had any rain in New York for the last week or two? If not we can furnish you from our superfluity. We have been having amends made to us for all the droughts of last summer. Our annual allowance has been paid up in full, only it came all at once, in one thundering payment instead of the usual dribbling instalments through the season. Like the Ancient Mariner, we have

"Water, water everywhere!"

with the addition of a *modicum* of mud. Of one storm of two or three nights ago you have heard and also shared. "Where we lay the chimnies were blown down," and a worse fate befel the seekers of our coast. The wreck of the Emigrant Ship with the loss of a hundred souls on board off Cohasset is the most fatal shipwreck which has occurred in our waters for years. But it has not made much excitement. They were only emigrants, you know. Had there been a few eminent merchants or ministers on board it would have been different. The valuable lives of the Captain and most of the crew were saved, which showed a good discretion on their part. The old rule was that the Captain should be the last man to leave his ship. But new discoveries are made in Navigation, as well as in other sciences.

But although meteorologically moist we are psychologically dry. All the fatness that has dropped from the clouds has failed to produce a crop of available events. We have plenty of *clay* but scarce a particle of straw to work it up into the bi-mensal brick which it is my appointed task to furnish towards your pyramid. Boston has but just got back to town again and has not begun to play any of its diverting tricks yet. The political parties have not yet slept off the debauch of last year and are not amusing at all. The Whigs having everything their own way, although a minority, and having got rid of the "Conscience that made cowards of them all" in former years, are as stupid as so many owls. The Party being gorged with the spoils for which it went on its belly and did eat dust last year, and which it would be glad to do on the same terms all the days of its life, is as dull as any platherie Anaconda or apoplectic Boa Constrictor. The Democrats being effectually down in this State are waiting with what patience they may for the "good day coming," which they may reasonably expect because it has come for them so often and staid away so long. They will not have to wait for the end of the Taylor Olympiad for it, if they are wise in their generation. The funniest demonstrations that they make are their indignant exposures of the Pro-Slavery delinquencies of the Whigs. It is the objurgatory reproach of the Pot to the Kettle in a modern instance.

The Free Soilers have come nearer adorning a tale than the other two parties. But they got no farther than to point a moral. The example of the amalgamation of the Free Soilers in your State with the Democrats has not been wholly lost upon those of this. Indeed, the temptation for a union was even stronger here than with you. For the united parties had a majority of Twelve Thousand over the Whigs last year, so that, if a union could be effected between the two elements of the majority, the minority Whigs would inevitably have had their heels tripped up. A consummation most earnestly to be desiderated. But the same want of energy and dilitoriness of action which has hindered the election of Mr. Palfrey has prevented the hatching of this scheme. As promising a plot as need be was addled because it was not laid soon enough to allow of a due incubation. Catherine the Great of Russia used to punish the great lords of her court by making them sat on a basket of eggs in the hall of audience, in feather breeches, until the callow brood was duly disclosed.—The example is not a bad one; only gentlemen should be sure and indue their plumy integuments in due season, else they will be very apt to find that they had been reckoning their chickens before they were hatched.

It was not proposed to have the two Parties one flesh, as was done with you, in an undissoluble wedlock. A sort of left-handed or Morganatic marriage, from which either could be released at will, was the more convenient arrangement contemplated. It only looked to the election of Senators and Represetatives to the General Court, by means of which, if properly managed, the combined parties might have obtained the control of the State. "Barkis was willin'," as you aptly quoted in the same connection, (only the types made it "Dorkis.") The Democrats were ready to accede and to be liberal in their arrangements with their new allies but the plan was not properly matured and fell through from the impracticability of the Free Soilers,—at least in the County of Norfolk. It so happened that in my journey through the wilderness of this World I chanced to be in Dedham this week upon the day when the three parties met in Convention. It was rather hard work even for your Correspondent to be in three places at the same time. I beat even Sir Boyle Roche's bird which could only be in *two* places at once. However, nothing is impossible to a newspaper letter-writer in a day time, and so I compassed it. The proposition was made in the Free Soil Convention by Mr. Bird of Walpole, to appoint a Committee of Conference with the Democratic Convention, to see whether any understanding could be arrived at between them, without any departure from their principles. It was explained that the union was only to effect State politics, but to leave untouched the National relations of both parties.

This was opposed by the Rev. Edwin Thompson and others on the ground that it was a Compromise, a Bargain and Sale, a Coalition and divers other ugly things. A bad name being thus given to the scheme the poor thing was easily worried to death. The proposition for the Committee of Conference was declared just at the close of the morning session to be lost by six votes.—But at the opening in the afternoon the President declared that by a mistake in the count it was in fact carried by a majority of one. A long time was consumed in trying to get into line again and the Convention appeared to be in the most helpless state imaginable. Francis Jackson would have put them through in two minutes. In the meantime the poor dear Democrats were anxiously waiting for the advances of the expected suitors. They delayed their balloting and took a recess in the afternoon, expecting the end of this "sweet reluctant amorous delay." At last, despairing, they proceeded to their ballot, when just as they were in the very articles, the Committee of Conference having been raised knocked at their door. But the accepted time and the day of grace was passed and they had to return empty. To be sure, it was mainly composed of persons opposed to the coalition, and they did not wait till an answering Committee could be appointed. But it could have come to nothing, if they had.

While this confusion was prevailing in the Free Soil camp, a number of the leading Whigs, having easily despatched their business, came in to enjoy it. An added relish was given to their enjoyment by a motion on the part of one of the opponents of the Coalition that the Committee should be instructed to apply to the Whigs as well as the Democrats, to see whether a union could not be effected with *them*, as well! This was received by them with great glee. But the day of their rejoicing was short, for soon Mr. Keyes arose and gave them their gruel, fresh and fresh, hot and hot, thick and slab. He explained why it was not proposed to join the Whigs in the treaty of union. It was because the Northern Whigs *had no principles to treat about!* They had gone up to Philadelphia and come back stripped to the skin! Without a rag of principle to their backs! There was not a beggar in the streets so abject, but he was an Astor, a Rothschild in this world's wealth compared to their poverty of principles. Not only their Anti-Slavery pretensions, not merely the Wilmot Proviso were ravished from them, but even their miserable Tariff was trampled like a worm under the heel of the Slaveholding Whigs. He defied the Whig gentlemen present to mention a single Whig principle, recognized as such by any action of the Party. But none did answer him.—And they very soon slunk away dolorous and malcontent. For about fifteen minutes he poured out a stream of invective, hot and fierce, worthy of Junius himself. And then, as Henry A. Wise said of the talk of the Abolitionists, "It was all so d—d true!" To be sure, it cannot be denied that the Northern Whigs have some principles. There is Old Zack for one, and Old Whitey for another, not to mention those seven John Randolph once spoke of, to wit, the seven barley loaves and the two small fishes.

This conduct on the part of the Free Soilers is confirmation strong of my opinion often expressed, that they do not understand the game they are attempting to play. They confound two very distinct things together,—a Moral Movement and a Political Party. The first is independent of numbers and superior to Compromise; the last is nothing if not many, and compromise and coalition are essential elements of its constitution. In the one, a single man can take a Continent by the nape of the neck and shake it till it roar again. In the other, a man cannot be chosen hog-reeve without a majority of votes. In the one, compromise is fatal, and in the other it is essential, to success. To compass a majority is the true political philosophy, and when a majority comes and knocks at the door of the minority, to shut the door in its face is bad policy, if not bad manners. Here was no proposition for the one party to take the other for "better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death did them part," as was done in New York; but merely for a union to do certain things in Massachusetts about which they were of one mind. The strength of the Free Soilers lies in their holding the balance of power. If, when they have an opportunity to make one scale subside by throwing their weight into it, they fail to do so, their position becomes a political absurdity. They only succeed in securing the success of the party they trust the least. It is a thousand pities that they could not have a Committee of Disunionists to look over their hands and tell them how to play their cards.—D. Y.

### Letter from Verona.

VERONA, October 7, 1849.

FRIEND GAY:—In these days of party intrigue, rai storms and blarney, it will not be amiss to remind you a little about the manœuvres going on from time to time. You need not be informed of the mongrel nomination by which the Free Soilers sold out their identity-platform professions, and other capital, and like a loving damsel sunk quietly upon the bosom of Hunkerdom. As they had only seven principles—five loaves and two fishes—there was little to hinder such a consummation.

It is deserving of notice that in several other State this amalgamation does not take place: for this there is a reason. In this State Free Soil was only a hypocritical war-cry of disappointed office seekers to call attention from the masses. Hence the offers made by the Hunkers were just of the character to win them back to the ranks. They had no principles at stake.

In Massachusetts, Michigan, and other States it i otherwise. An abhorrence to Slavery, too deep seated t admit of voting for slaveholders or slaveites, joined to veneration for the American Constitution, produced thei political organization. They dare not set aside the fundamental law for fear that anarchy as well as unpopularity would ensue. Besides, the Prophets of America drafted the instrument; they are dead, and now e parties must build their sepulchers. I am inclined t think that the Free Soil party will continue unless som *coup de main* ingeniously made should bring them a at once into the Whig Party: there are good reason for this opinion. The nomination of Taylor is not ye destitute of a nauseous odor. Else why the enthusias everywhere attending the march of Henry, who outvies Zachary in the art of keeping slaves fat and sleek The Whigs do not control the Congress, except by permission of the Free Soilers. Hence it is that in the New York State Convention and elsewhere they ar again manifesting a wonderful antipathy to Slavery Horace is also becoming eloquent. The party has sti much at stake.

The Hunkers of the Union had foreseen this. A soon thereafter as the excitement of the Presidenti campaign was a little subsided, they began to throw ou their feelers and ascertain the sentiments of their Bar burning brethren. Ambiguous hints were made of n minating Benton for President in 1852, who might co ciliate the South because he was a slaveholder and t North by sustaining the Wilmot Proviso. His previo advocacy of hard money had endeared him to our Loc focos. Such dubious promises would do well for thr years. During that time the allies could head th Whigs, control Zachary, and prepare for a new electio By the usual "gouge-game" the Barnburners coul than be duped, and Hunkerdom as in the days of Po could rule supreme.

It is not very likely that the allies, the Old an Young Hunkers, will carry our fall election. The uni is odious to the great mass of Barnburners in this r gion. I shall not be surprised to witness a Whig m jority of fifteen thousand. The great hope is for ne year. The Congressional delegation so generally Wh will then become in a great measure Locofocos. But is very necessary for Father Ritchie and his natur allies to begin in due season. Much is depending up a union. A rupture is all that need now be feared, t Barnburners are so used to quarreling and forgivi that it is fast passing into a proverb. If there were interests at stake their intrigues and movements wou be fine sport. But as it results every now and then i change of State and National administrations, each which involves new expense, we of the people are forc to find it death to us.

Garrit Smith and his friends make another debut ne Wednesday and Thursday in a religious capacity. It a sentiment of the Free Church that all the Christia in any place are the church in that place and in du bound to regard themselves as organized according Most of the clergy are Calvinistic, so far as I am acquainted. Special conversions are not, I believe, regar ed as highly as in the common church. The Fr Church and Liberty Party will doubtless eventually composed of the same individual. Be that as it may am not unfavorably prepossessed against Mr Smith principle of church government.

A new college has just started at Mc Grawville, Cor land county. It admits students without regard to s or color. Rev. C. P. Grosvenor is President: one two Professors are colored gentlemen. The institutio is Baptist, not Pro-Slavery, but Free Mission. I not very partial to college education, all the Greek Latin and French I know, not being acquired in clas walls but at the fireside. I have always preferred se made, home-educated people to the artificial product of those nests of vice and folly. Still I hope that as long as college machine-making is the fashion in preference to home manufacture—that those who choose to be moulded according to order by classic professors—will give a liberal patronage to the New York Central College.

A writer in the *Northern Christian Advocate* has recently come out with a sweeper against Reformers. According to this Methodist judge, most of this class are outlaws from grace who seek to establish a righteousness of their own. Garrison ought to have a copy for the Refuge of Oppression. As you are totally destitute of grace and godliness, you must consider and repent. A short sojourn in the locality celebrated for sulphurous ebullitions would enliven your ideas rather painfully. It would prove far more disagreeable than a stay in our Oneida sty of Perfectionists. But we must advise you to go South where they have revivals of religion, pray over you, and leave you to your choice. If the requisite repentance is not produced speedily, I fear most seriously that you will have neither part nor parcel in that Heaven set apart for the saints by the god of slaveholders and hangmen—of men-butchers and women-whippers—of murder, theft and chivalry.

But enough of this. Speaking seriously, the path of duty is often a little dubious. Society must be held together, and despotism is better than anarchy; yet it is hard, very hard to strike hands socially, morally, religiously, or politically with men who violate or defend the violation of man's plainest rights. Heaven speed the time when Liberty and Religion together shall rule the world. I cannot hope strongly for this consummation till there come a revolution in civilization. Then the intellectual greatness of the Caucasian will descend from its arrogance to become a reflector of Divine wisdom; while the patient, abused African will by his willingness to serve (Luke xxii: 26) be the image of Love itself, and occupy the very highest rank. But as I am theorising, it is time to give this hasty effusion the finishing stroke.

PHI.

## Foreign Correspondence.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, September 21; 1849.

MY DEAR GAY:—The American mail has arrived, and among the rest the Anti-Slavery papers, and these are filled with the results of Father Mathew's refusal to attend the Worcester Celebration. Although this little matter has excited a great commotion, I can't say it surprised me in the least. I well remember when the Address from the Irish at home, to their fellow-countrymen in America was drawn up we thought it a fine thing to get the signatures of O'Connell and the Apostle of Temperance to head the array. There is a great deal in a name, and the names of Ireland's champion and Ireland's living apostle were likely to outweigh those of the remaining 69,998 in the estimation of our trans-Atlantic compatriots. We were nevertheless aware that it is another matter to sign an Anti-Slavery address here, and to stick to it in America, but who could then have anticipated that Father Mathew would ever go to the United States? Theodore Parker was right when he said that Anti-Slavery in Great Britain is very different from Abolitionism in America. We have not your horrible prejudice against color. We are not surrounded, as you are, by a community whose pecuniary interests and political prepossessions render them hostile to any earnest effort for the overthrow of Slavery. When Clarkson and Wilberforce commenced their glorious career, although they were opposed very heartily by that most religious monarch, George the Third, and by a majority of the aristocracy and of the mercantile and shipping interests, they had the mass of the people with them—they had millions in their favor. In twenty-one years from the publication of his famous Essay, Clarkson had the happiness of seeing the Slave Trade abolished by act of Parliament, amidst the acclamations of three kingdoms. It took twenty-five years more to overthrow Slavery, but the country was with the Abolitionists, and their object would have been gained long before, with the good will of the empire, if it had not been for the corrupt influence of the West Indian planters in the old borough-mongering House of Commons and in the House of Lords. Garrison and his friends have had an infinitely harder battle to fight. From the commencement of their labors to the present hour they have had to contend with an amount of open hostility, apathy, and treachery sufficient to wear out the patience of most men. They have had to sacrifice family affection, social influence, and the ordinary objects of manly ambition to an extent that has never been known in this country, in any similar struggle. When America has reaped the result of their noble efforts she will reckon their names amongst those of her bravest and best. Meanwhile they can very well afford to dispense with the co-operation of Father Mathew, since he has seen fit to belie his former professions, by withholding from them even the poor tribute of his sympathy. It takes much less magnanimity and moral courage to make an "Apostle of Temperance" in Ireland, than the humblest consistent Abolitionist in New England. Human nature was never very different from what it is at the present hour. Circumstances being similar, the materials now exist for as good and as brave men as ever glorified the world by their presence. Talk of Southern chivalry—where can you find more chivalric, nobler, truer, braver men and women than in your own Anti-Slavery ranks? It would take a great many Father Mathews to make up such a gathering as your Worcester Celebration. All the priests in Italy and in Ireland to boot, could not do it. The Apostle of Temperance, in refusing to countenance you, has injured his own fair fame, not yours. I am sorry that so much of the abuse poured upon Garrison's head for his faithfulness in this matter has proceeded from the pens of Elizur Wright and George Bradburn. The first letter I ever had from an American Abolitionist was from Elizur Wright, about ten years ago. His writings were amongst those which I read with deep interest and delight at the time. George Bradburn I knew shortly after as Garrison's attached personal friend and warm admirer. What has Garrison done to these men, that, in their anxiety to join the craven cry against him, they are willing to put themselves into a position so plainly at variance with their own writings and recorded opinions? Living thousands of miles away from the scene of the Anti-Slavery struggle, having no personal or pecuniary interest to serve, no reputation to gain by my decision, I have spared no pains to learn the merits on both sides of the controversy which Abolitionism has given rise to, and I am bound to say, that in my judgment the pioneer of the Anti-Slavery enterprise has come forth unscathed by the floods of calumny and bitter hostility to which he has been so perpetually subjected, by indefatigable enemies and recreant friends.

I would have you to know that I have been "on the Continent" which used to be a great feather in the cap of us islanders. I remember when, quite a juvenile, at school, feeling exalted on hearing that my father had (for the first time) gone to England as "guide to a ministering friend." If you don't know what that means, ask I. T. Hopper and he will tell you. I felt naturally proud of the honor thus acquired by the head of my house; for in those good old times, it was a serious matter, including the necessity of having your will made, and laying in supplies, and looking solemn, and the chances of a long and tedious voyage, to pass from Ireland to England. The expenses were less, but the chances of difficulty, danger, and delay were much greater than in a steam trip from Boston to Liverpool at the present time. I am forced to admit that the honor of my continental trip is greatly lessened and seeing that I was only one of a batch—in short, the solitary representative from the Green Isle, amongst about six or seven hundred delegates and visitors from England and Scotland to the Peace Congress, lately held in Paris. As to the Congress, "its praise has been hymned by loftier harps than mine"—or in plain English, a much better account of it than I could give has been already prepared and sent to *The Standard*; yet I can't help making a few flying remarks of my own. In the arrangement and the nature of the proceedings it was the dead match of all the Anti-Slavery and Temperance Conventions that I ever attended in London. Everything was cut and dry—arranged beforehand—nothing was hearty, free, and spontaneous. No great principle was discussed. Nobody attempted to go to the root of the matter. Indeed, there was a very good reason why they did not. Nobody dared, if he had been ever so well disposed. We were allowed to assemble under a guarantee from those who had the management of the matter that we would all be very good boys, and say as little as possible about "religion or politics." Just at the very time that the heart of every one who had a heart was burning within him at the thought of Hungary and Rome, of Kossuth and Mazzini, hardly a reference was made to any of them. No personalities—no principles—were discussed. As to peace principles not a creature left the Convention with a heartier conviction respecting their excellence than when he went there. The only English speaker of any mark was Richard Cobden, and he made but two short speeches in French, which pleased the French exceedingly by their point, wit and terseness. In eloquence the French delegates had decidedly the superiority. Seven of their most distinguished men were there, such as Emile Girardin, the journalist, Victor Hugo, the celebrated novelist, and A. Coquerel, Protestant preacher and representative of the people, who it is said, voted to sustain the detestable Roman expedition. Some of the French celebrities are men of but very doubtful character. I have marvelled how the English Peace Apostles who were "hail fellows well met!" with such people in France, are entirely unable in England to co-operate and sympathize with Garrison, Phillips, Lucretia Mott, and other American Abolitionists of eminently pure and beautiful lives, who happen to differ from them on points of dogmatic theology. W. W. Brown's speech I did not hear, but I was informed it was happily expressed and most cordially received. The speaker was to my own knowledge treated with marked respect and courtesy by many of the most eminent men present at the Congress. His presence on this occasion is likely to prove of great use to him, for he was introduced to some of the best people in England, in a way that could not otherwise have been readily accomplished; and already when I was in London on my way home, I found him reaping the good fruits of the acquaintances he formed in Paris. At a meeting given at Versailles by the English to the American delegates, a Dr. Adams, from Massachusetts, denied that the United States Government patronized or supported Slavery. W. W. Brown wrote a letter for *La Presse*, a Parisian paper, in which he does not leave the learned doctor a leg to stand upon. A kind friend translated it into French and it has already found its way into some of the English papers.

If the French Government took care to prevent any troublesome freedom of speech at the Congress, they evinced their sense of the discretion exhibited, by laying open all the public institutions, treating the Congress to a grand display of water-works at Versailles and illuminations at St. Cloud such as are never made,—or at least such as never used to be made—except for the amusement of crowned heads. It was something to be treated like kings and emperors, and all for five pounds ten. When you add to this that the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, De Tocqueville, invited the whole six or seven hundred to a Soiree where he treated them to splendid lustres, colored lamps, gorgeous chairs tea and ices and military music, you will agree with me that if the good people in England had been aware of such being the reward of righteousness there would have been 6000 instead of 600 delegates and visitors. It is a mercy they did not know this beforehand. As it was, there were two ship-loads of us from Folkstone to Boulogne, and we had barely standing room. I never was more truly thankful for fine weather. Charon never had a more wretched cargo than we should have been if Boreas had blown. It is nevertheless, something for many hundreds of intelligent English and Scotch men and women to return home delighted with their courteous reception and with the full persuasion that it is wiser to cultivate the good opinion of our neighbours than to cut their throats. The people, "the mob," whom you see in France are so well dressed, so clean, cheerful and courteous that it is delightful to see them. Their civility, courtesy and disposition to oblige are "perfectly charming." As to *Liberty* there is little appreciation of it, as we in Great Britain and Ireland understand the word, but the *Equality* is wonderful, and there is great appearance of *Fraternity*. Wherever you go, you see these three words painted (never carved) on the public buildings. I wont trouble you with French politics; but I am happy to believe that the President and his ministers, the concocters of the atrocious Roman expedition are extremely unpopular, and that the people feel themselves disgraced by their acts in the eyes of the world. At home the Government is utterly despotic; abroad its sympathy and co-operation are with all that is re-actionary and oppressive. The last news I heard was that France, Russia, Austria and Prussia have united in demanding from Switzerland the expulsion of the exiles who have taken refuge within the bounds of the Helvetian Republic. Mazzini is now in Geneva, and Kossuth in Turkey. Both are shortly expected in Great Britain, "the inviolate island of the brave and free." From information on which I have full reliance, I believe that the aristocratic rulers of England would, if they dared, also refuse a shelter to these glorious exiles. You are aware that, to the great disgust of the British people, the Roman Catholic Irish governor of Malta, Sir Richard More O'Farrell, refused to allow the Roman exiles to land in Malta, and know that this infamous and paltry cruelty was approved of by Lord John Russell and Earl Grey. But the English people are very much better than their rulers or their aristocracy.

During my stay in Paris being settled with a highly respectable and sedate family in the neighborhood, I attended neither theatres nor balls, and saw no dancing. In those particulars I might as well have been in Boston. Nevertheless I was greatly impressed with the lightsome elegance of the vast city, and the extraordinary splendor, magnitude, and magnificence of the public buildings. During my peregrinations I was often dipped into sympathy with Peter Breen, a county of Winford peasant, whom I accompanied in his first visit to our Irish Metropolis, which though it is Irish, is really very handsome and stately. Peter could only give vent to his astonishment in repeated bursts of oh! oh! oh!!! which seemed to come from the bottom of his soul, and to say all he could say of the amazement that filled it. I often thought of Peter in the Galleries of Versailles, the gorgeous chambers of the Luxemburg, in the Chateau de Dampierre, and the Church of St. Dennis. The wealth of mighty nations is, as it were, piled up together in these gilded columns and cornices and wondrous piles of vast architecture. The great wealth of France is displayed on the monuments, public buildings and picture galleries of Paris. In England it is seen in the numberless railways, and in the wealth and magnificence of her merchant princes and aristocracy.

In Ireland we have had another potato rot. I have heard it said that nothing else would force the English Government to those measures, for the release of the land from its fetters, which are indispensable to the welfare of Ireland—however dangerous they may be to the stability of the dominant oligarchy. Meanwhile hundreds of thousands must perish or emigrate before the light dawns upon us.

Yours, truly,
R. D. WEBB.

## General Intelligence.

### Annexation of Canada.

We publish herewith [says *The Tribune*] a declaration of grievances issued by upward of three hundred of the citizens of Montreal, in the form of an Address to the People of Canada, recommending a dissolution of the existing connexion with Great Britain, and the immediate annexation of that Province to the United States, as the only efficient and permanent remedy. This document is alike important, on account of the position in society held by the signers, and the arguments they have submitted to the consideration of their fellow colonists. Among the names appended to it, we find those of Benjamin Holmes, formerly Cashier of the Montreal Bank, and who is now the colleague of Mr. Lafontaine, in the representation for the City of Montreal in the Legislature, and J. G. Mackenzie, the leading Tory candidate opposed to Holmes at the last election! John and William Molson, the brewers, and great proprietors, whose father, an Englishman of great wealth, established steamboats on the St. Lawrence; John, David and James Torrance, men of property and influence, originally from Scotland; James Ferrier, Jr. member of the Legislative Council, and lately Mayor, we suppose; David Kinnear and E. G. Penny, Editors and Proprietors of the *Montreal Herald*; Jacob De Witt, Member of the Assembly, of American birth; John Rose and F. G. Johnson, Queen's Counsel; Thos. B. Anderson, John Kain, J. & P. Redpath, N. P. Froste, Neil McIntosh, R. & C. Calmers, E. C. Tuttle, W. & B. Workman, Donald Ross, Alex. Murphy, Peter Dunn, Archibald and David Ferguson, B. Hart, S. J. & B. & H. Lyman, R. Mackay, B. Brewster, Jean Bruneau, S. E. Gregory, H. L. Routh, Thos. Forsyth, John Fisher, Stanley & Abner Bagg, R. Esdale, Wm Murray, and many other citizens of respectability.

Our Montreal correspondent, under date of 9th inst. says, that the address appeared that morning, first, in the *Courier* newspaper; that the signers (335 in number) are, many of them, in good station—about fifty Liberals, and the rest Tories. The *Gazette* [the organ of the Orange faction] has come out against the address, as its conductor (Mr. Ferris) was not previously consulted. Hitherto it has supported Annexation. Mr. Hincks, Inspector-General, arrived in Montreal, from London, on the 8th, and left for Toronto on the 9th, to attend a Cabinet meeting there.

*Address of Influential citizens of Montreal in favor of Immediate Annexation to the United States!*

TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA.

The number and magnitude of the evils that afflict our country, and the universal and increasing depression of its material interests, call upon all persons animated by a sincere desire for its welfare, to combine for the purposes of inquiry and preparation, with a view to the adoption of such remedies as a mature and dispassionate investigation may suggest.

Belonging to all parties, origins and creeds, but yet agreed upon the advantage of co-operation for the performance of a common duty to ourselves and our country, growing out of a common necessity, we have consented, in view of a brighter and happier future, to merge in oblivion all past differences, of whatever character, or attributable to whatever source. In appealing to our Fellow-Colonists to unite with us in this, our most needful duty, we solemnly conjure them, as they desire a successful issue, and the welfare of their country, to enter upon the task, at this momentous crisis, in the same fraternal spirit.

The reversal of the ancient policy of Great Britain, whereby she withdrew from the Colonies their wonted protection in her markets, has produced the most disastrous effects upon Canada. In surveying the actual condition of the country, what but ruin or rapid decay meets the eye? Our Provincial Government and Civic Corporations embarrassed; our Banking and other securities greatly depreciated; our Mercantile and Agricultural interests alike unprosperous; real estate scarcely salable upon any terms; our unrivaled Rivers, Lakes and Canals almost unused; while Commerce abandons our shores, the circulating capital amassed under a more favorable system, is dissipated, with none from any quarter to replace it!! Thus, without available capital, unable to effect a loan with Foreign States, or with the Mother Country, although offering security greatly superior to that which readily obtains money both from the United States and Great Britain, when other than Colonists are the applicants. Crippled, therefore, and checked in the full career of private and public enterprise, this possession of the British Crown—our country—stands before the world in humiliating contrast with its immediate neighbors, exhibiting every symptom of a nation fast sinking to decay.

With superabundant water-power and cheap labor, especially in Lower Canada, we have yet no domestic manufactures; nor can the most sanguine, unless under altered circumstances, anticipate the home growth, or advent from foreign parts, of either capital or enterprise to embark in this great source of national wealth. Our institutions, unhappily, have not that impress of permanence which can alone impart security, and inspire confidence; and the Canadian market is too limited to tempt the foreign capitalists.

While the adjoining States are covered with a network of thriving railways, Canada possesses but three lines, which, together, scarcely exceed 50 miles in length, and the stock in two of which is held at a depreciation of from 50 to 80 per cent—a fatal symptom of the torpor overspreading the land.

Our present form of Provincial Government, is cumbrous and so expensive as to be ill-suited to the country; and the necessary reference it demands to a distant Government, imperfectly acquainted with the Canadian affairs, and somewhat indifferent to our interests, is anomalous and irksome. Yet, in the event of a rupture between two of the most powerful nations of the world, Canada would become the battle-field and the sufferer, however little her interests might be involved in the cause of quarrel or the issue of the contest.

The bitter animosities of political parties and factions in Canada, often leading to violence, and upon one occasion to civil war, seem not to have abated with time; nor is there, at the present moment, any prospect of diminution or accommodation. The aspect of parties becomes daily more threatening toward each other, and under our existing institutions and relations, little hope is discernible of a peaceful and prosperous administration of our affairs, but difficulties will, to all appearance, accumulate until Government becomes impracticable. In this view of our position, any course that may promise to efface existing party distinctions and place entirely new issues before the people, must be fraught with undeniable advantages.

Among the Statesmen of the Mother Country—among the sagacious observers of the neighboring Republic—in Canada—and all British North America—among all classes, there is a strong pervading conviction that a political revolution in this country is at hand. Such forebodings cannot be readily dispelled, and they have, moreover, a tendency to realize the events to which they point. In the meanwhile, serious injury results to Canada from the effect of this anticipation upon the more desirable class of settlers, who naturally prefer a country under fixed and permanent forms of government to one in a state of transition.

Having thus adverted to some of the causes of our present evils, we would consider how far the remedies ordinarily proposed possess sound and rational inducements to justify their adoption;

1. "The revival of Protection in the markets of the United Kingdom."

This, if attainable in a sufficient degree, and guaranteed for a long period of years, would ameliorate the condition of many of our chief interests, but the policy of the Empire forbids the anticipation. Beside, it would be but a partial remedy. The millions of the Mother Country demand cheap food; and a second change from Protection to Free Trade would complete that ruin which the first has done much to achieve.

II. "The Protection of Home Manufactures."

Although this might encourage the growth of a Manufacturing interest in Canada, yet, without access to the United States market, there would not be a sufficient expansion of that interest, from the want of consumers, to work any result that could be admitted as a "remedy" for the numerous evils of which we complain.

III. "A Federal Union of the British American Provinces."

The advantages claimed for that arrangement are Free Trade between the different provinces, and a diminished governmental expenditure. The attainment of the latter object would be problematical, and the benefits anticipated from the former might be secured by legislation under our existing system. The markets of the sister provinces would not benefit our trade in timber, for they have a surplus of that article in their own forests, and their demand for agricultural products would be too limited to absorb our means of supply. Nor could Canada expect any encouragement to her manufacturing industry from those quarters. A federal union, therefore, would be no remedy.

IV. "The Independence of the British North American Colonies as a Federal Republic!"

The consolidation of its new institutions from elements hitherto so discordant—the formation of treaties with Foreign Powers—the acquirement of a name and character among the nations—would, we fear, prove an over-match for the strength of the new Republic. And, having regard to the powerful confederacy of States conterminous with itself, the needful military defences would be too costly to render Independence a boon, while it would not, any more than a Federal Union, remove those obstacles which retard our material prosperity.

V. "Reciprocal Free Trade with the United States, as respects the products of the farm, the forest, and the mine."

If obtained, this would yield but an installment of the many advantages which might be otherwise secured. The free interchange of such products would not introduce manufactures to our country. It would not give us the North American Continent for our market. It would neither so amend our institutions as to confer stability nor insure confidence in their permanence, nor would it allay the violence of parties, or, in the slightest degree, remedy many of our prominent evils.

VI. Of all the remedies that have been suggested for the acknowledged and insufferable ties with which our country is afflicted, there remains but one to be considered. It propounds a sweeping and important change in our political and social condition involving considerations which demand our most serious examination. This remedy consists in a "*Friendly and Peaceful Separation from British Connection and a Union upon equitable terms with the Great North American Confederacy of Sovereign States.*"

We would premise that toward Great Britain we entertain none other than sentiments of kindness and respect. Without her consent we consider separation as neither practicable nor desirable. But the Colonial policy of the Parent State, the avowals of her leading Statesmen, the public sentiments of the Empire, present unmistakable and significant indications of the appreciation of Colonial Connection. That is the resolve of England to invest us with the attributes, and to assume the burdens of Independence is no longer problematical. The threatened withdrawal of her troops from other Colonies—the continuance of her military protection to ourselves only on the condition that we shall defray the attendant expenditure, betoken intentions towards our country, against which it is weakness in us not to provide. An overruling conviction, then, of its necessity, and a high sense of duty we owe to our country, a duty we can neither disregard nor postpone, impel us to entertain the idea of separation; and whatever negociations may eventuate with Great Britain, a gradual liberality on the part of Canada should mark every proceeding.

The proposed Union would render Canada a field for American capital, into which it would enter as freely for the prosecution of public works and private enterprise as into any of the present States. It would equalize the value of real estate upon both sides of the boundary, thereby probably doubling at once the entire present value of property in Canada, while, by giving stability to our institutions, and introducing prosperity, it would raise our public, corporate, and private credit. It would increase our commerce both with the United States, and foreign countries, and would not necessarily diminish, to any great extent, our intercourse with Great Britain, into which our products would, for the most part, enter on the same terms as at present. It would render our rivers and canals the highway for the immigration to, and exports from, the West, to the incalculable benefit of our country. It would also introduce manufactures into Canada as rapidly as they have been introduced into the Northern States; and to Lower Canada especially, where water privileges and labor are abundant and cheap, it would attract manufacturing capital, enhancing the value of property and agricultural produce, and giving remunerative employment to what is at present a comparatively non-producing population. *Nor would the United States merely furnish the capital for our manufactures, They would also supply for them the most extensive market in the world, without the intervention of a Custom-House Officer.* Railways would forthwith be constructed by American capital as feeders for all the great lines now approaching our frontiers; and railway enterprise in general would doubtless be as active and prosperous among us as among our neighbors. The value of our agricultural produce would be raised at once to a par with that of the United States, while agricultural implements and many of the necessaries of life, such as tea, coffee and sugar, would be greatly reduced in price.

The value of our timber would also be greatly enhanced by free access to the American market, where it bears a high price, but is subject to an onerous duty. At the same time, there is every reason to believe that our shipholders, as well at Quebec as on the Great Lakes, would find an unlimited market in all the ports of the American Continent. It cannot be doubted that the shipping trade of the United States must greatly increase. It is equally manifest that, with them, the principal material in the construction of ships is rapidly diminishing, while we possess vast territories, covered with timber of excellent quality, which would be equally available as it now is, since under the Free Trade system our vessels would sell as well in England after Annexation as before.

The simple and economical State Government, in which direct responsibility to the people is a distinguished feature, would be substituted for a system at once cumbrous and expensive.

In place of war and the alarms of war with a neighbor, there would be peace and amity between this country and the United States. Disagreements between the United States and her chief if not only rival among nations, would not make the soil of Canada the sanguinary arena for their disputes, as under our existing relations must necessarily be the case. That such is the unenviable condition of our state of dependence upon Great Britain is known to the whole world, and how far it may conduce to keep prudent capitalists from making investments in the country, or wealthy settlers from selecting a fore-doomed battle-field for the home of themselves and their children, it needs no reasoning on our part to elucidate.

But other advantages than those having a bearing on our material interests may be foretold. It would change the ground of political contest between races and parties, allay and obliterate those irritations and conflicts of rancor and recrimination which have hitherto disfigured our social fabric. Already in anticipation has its harmonious influence been felt—the harbinger, may it be hoped, of a lasting oblivion of dissensions among all classes, creeds and parties in the country. Changing a subordinate for an independent condition, we would take our station among the nations of the earth. We have now no voice in the affairs of the Empire nor do we share in its honors or emoluments. England is our Parent State, with whom we have no equality, but toward whom we stand in the simple relation of obedience. But as citizens of the United States the public service of the nation would be open to us—a field for high and honorable distinction on which we and our posterity might enter on terms of perfect equality.

Nor would the amicable separation of Canada from Great Britain be fraught with advantages to us alone. The relief to the Parent State from the large expenditure now incurred in the military occupation of the country—the removal of the many causes of collision with the United States, which results from the contiguity of mutual territories so extensive—the benefit of the larger market which the increasing prosperity of Canada would create, are considerations which, in the minds of many of her ablest statesmen, render our Incorporation with the United States a desirable consummation.

To the United States also the annexation of Canada presents many important inducements. The withdrawal from their borders of so powerful a nation, by whom in time of war the immense and growing commerce of the Lakes would be jeopardized—the ability to dispense with the costly but ineffectual revenue establishment over a frontier of many hundred miles—the large accession to their income from our Customs—the unrestricted use of the St. Lawrence, the natural highway from the Western States to the ocean, are objects for the attainment of which the most substantial equivalents would undoubtedly be conceded.

FELLOW-COLONISTS: We have thus laid before you our views and convictions on a momentous question—involving a change, which, though contemplated by many of us with varied feelings and emotions, we all believe to be inevitable; one which it is our duty to provide for, and lawfully to promote.

We address you without prejudice or partiality,—in the spirit of sincerity and truth,—in the interest solely of our common country—and our single aim is its safety and welfare. If to your judgment and reason our object and aim be at this time deemed laudable and right, we ask an oblivion of past dissensions; and from all, without distinction of origin, party, or creed, that earnest and cordial co-operation in such lawful, prudent and judicious means as may best conduct us to our common destiny.

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*The Round Island Expedition Disbanded.*—The New Orleans *Crescent* of the 2d inst. says:—The men lately assembled at Round Island have begun to disperse. About fifty of them came over on the Oregon yesterday; the two hundred and upward who were left on the island may be expected in town to-day or to-morrow. The expedition, then, no matter what its destination, appears to have failed—but the failure has not been owing to the conduct of those entrusted with its management at New Orleans. The men who were encamped at Round Island must blame the Northern agents, rather than the leaders here, for the sufferings they experienced, and the privations they have endured. It is clear that the Northern wing of the expedition was too tardy in its movements; and that the whole undertaking would have been successful if New Orleans alone had been depended on for the furnishing of men and the supply of means to carry out the objects of the expedition.

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From the Philadelphia Inquirer

THE PHILADELPHIA RIOTS.—It is with sincere regret that we record the occurrence of one of the most dreadful and sanguinary riots that has taken place for many years in our city. So far as we have been able to collect the particulars, it appears that a gang of men and boys, amounting it is said to several hundreds, and mostly armed with guns, pistols or knives, hovered about St. Mary's street which is chiefly inhabited by colored people, and those not of a decent and orderly class, generally speaking. At the same time, there were several knots or crowds of colored men hanging about, and two or three collisions occurred.

This was the state of things shortly after nine o'clock. Before ten an attack was made upon a tavern at the corner of Sixth and St. Mary's streets, called the California House. This place was kept by a colored man, who was reported to be married, or at any rate, living with a white woman. Whether such were really the case, or merely a rumor circulated to excite popular indignation, it is not in our power to state. At any rate, the house was soon in flames, the inmates driven out and fired upon, with many other colored persons—men women and children—who were seen flying from their houses in extreme terror—chased by gangs, who pelted them with brickbats and fired after them with guns and pistols. Several were said to be wounded—and it was stated that more than one was killed. But this report we could not verify. The assailants are described as being composed of the 'Killers,' and other and similar associations of disturbers of the public peace.—Meanwhile the fire made rapid progress, but several engine and hose companies were soon upon the ground. And here a truly frightful scene occurred. The fire men who went to the conflagration for the purpose of saving property, were fired upon not in solitary cases—but actually in a running fire, and by volleys of several guns and pistols at once—the rioters being out in very strong force. They were also assailed with showers of brick-bats, and their hose cut in every direction. In a word the first companies that arrived were compelled, as the only mode of avoiding wounds or death, to leave the neighborhood. Still the fire continued. It is impossible to tell the number of killed and wounded—but we saw either five or six carried to druggists' shops or to the hospital on chairs or settees. We heard that two were shot while standing on an engine, and one was reported killed. The most moderate statements that were made at twelve o'clock, admitted that at least twenty were wounded and about four killed. Shortly before midnight a body of police forced their way to the scene of action, fire and bloodshed; and while standing in Sixth street, below Lombard, we heard at least a dozen shots fired between St. Mary's and South streets, while bricks were showered by the rioters—but as the body of men, which we were told were police, was not repulsed, it was fair to presume that the rioters had given way. Still the dangerous missiles flew in showers and at this time, one or two engines and hose companies, the Moyamensing and Hope, as we were informed, were exerting themselves to extinguish the flames. The whole scene was fearful and mournful—a source of real sorrow to every Philadelphian. At the corners of all the streets, for many squares, were groups of citizens assembled, anxious for the latest intelligence, and mourning over the insecurity of life and property in that portion of our metropolis.

Barney Himmelwright, a member of the Good Will Hose, reported to have been shot through the heart.

Two other firemen dangerously wounded—one in the head, and one in the side. A third wounded in the leg.

The military were called out at midnight, and several companies made their appearance on the ground at 1 o'clock this morning. As late as 2 o'clock this morning, there was still an immense crowd of people. The military remained on the ground.

THE SECOND RIOT.—About 6 o clock this morning, the ominous eight taps of the State House bell announced another riot. This second outbreak commenced about six o'clock, when the hose of the Morris Hose Company, which was doing service on the scene of action, was cut. This was a signal for the rioters to commence an assault. Brickbats and stones were hurled by them at the firemen, and fire-arms were used with considerable effect, several persons being wounded. The Mayor, Sheriff and police, were soon on the ground, and succeeded in restoring order. Mayor Swift, himself, who arrived before the military, arrested two men.

The military, which had been down at the scene of the first riot, returned upon the restoration of quiet, and it was some time before they could be collected again for the suppression of the renewed disorders. About six A. M. however, they began to assemble in Independence Square. Many delays occurred, and it was nearly nine o'clock a body of five or six companies, with their ranks but partially filled, marched to the scene of action. The whole were under the command of General Patterson and Colonel Bohlen. Their approach to St. Mary street soon became known to the rioters, and by the time they came upon the ground they had disappeared into their various haunts. The companies were assigned positions at the various avenues leading to the scene of riot, so as to command every approach completely. The military are provided with ball and cartridges, and have full authority to fire, upon any renewal of the lawless and outrageous proceedings by the rioters.

The leader in this and indeed in the former riot, is said to be a black man, named George Hosey, formerly a head dog-catcher in the city employ—a big powerful negro.—About noon to-day, he was arrested, after making a most desperate resistance. In the struggle with the police officers, he was considerably bruised and beat before he could be secured.

THE KILLED.

Charles Himmelwright, white, shot through the head.

Colored man, unknown at the hospital.

THE WOUNDED.

Mrs. Smith, residing in Sixth street, above South, shot through the head.

Charles Westerhond, residing near the corner of Thirteenth and Race streets; thigh fractured by a ball.

Jeremiah McShane, shot in the temple; not expected to live.

William Colaman, shot in the thigh and leg.

Charles Shearer, of the American Engine company, shot in the leg.

Edward Matthews, shot in two places, the breast and ribs; mortally wounded.

George Williams, shot in the breast.

Augustus Greene, colored, shot in the hand and leg.

John Hall, colored, wounded in the neck and arm.

John Spry, colored, had his head badly cut, and his skull was supposed to be fractured. At the time he received the blow, he was passing Sixth and Lombard streets.

R. Rundell, colored, wounded in the last riot this morning.

Charles Anderson, colored, shot in the thigh and arm in the last conflict.

These are the names of the sufferers, as far as we can ascertain them. Various and conflicting reports are circulating as to the number killed and wounded, some saying that not less than twenty were shot, and that quite that number were in the hospital, taken there at various times during last night and this morning.

RIOTERS ARRESTED.

Among the arrests made, are William Shinkle, James Murphy, John McVey, Daniel Roberts, John Thompson, James Devine, William Jones, John Fitzsimmons, Joseph Walker, Alexander Cambry, William Simpson, all white. Also, Alexander Wilson, Jacob Perkins colored. These are all in the city lock up.

INCIDENTS OF THE RIOTS.

A medical student, whose name we have not been able to ascertain was shot in the thigh during one of the riots.—The ball was extracted this morning, and he is doing well.

Many persons along the streets, or looking on without taking part, were injured more or less; some with balls, and some with brickbats and stones, which in many cases seem to have been hurled by the rioters without any particular aim.

The entire number of admissions into the Pennsylvania Hospital, was fifteen up to two o'clock, P. M. this day; of these, one a colored man, name unknown, has died. Three others will, it is said, not live through the day.

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THE GALE AND ITS EFFECTS.—The worst news which we have heard of the consequences of the late gale, is contained in the loss of the emigrant brig St. John, from Galway, Ireland, on the Cohasset rocks. The statement of the disaster, as furnished by Captain Oliver, the master, to the Merchants' news room, is as follows:—

Saturday, 5 P. M. passed Cape Cod with a light south east wind—weather thick; hove too with head to the north east; at 4 A. M. wore ship and stood south; at 6 1-2 made Minot's Lodge. Not having room to wear ship, ventured to run where we saw a brig at anchor inside of the light.—The violence of the gale and heavy sea caused us to drag our anchors, when we cut away the masts, and held on for a short time. The gale increasing, she dragged again, struck, and thumped heavily for about one hour before she struck.

Previous to breaking up, the jolly boat was hanging by the tackles alongside, when the stern ringbolt broke, and the boat fell into the water. The captain, second mate, and two boys jumped into her to clear her, when about twenty-five passengers jumped in and swamped her, the passengers, together with the second mate and two boys perished. The captain caught a rope hanging over the quarter and was drawn on board by the first mate.

The long boat was got clear shortly after, and a heavy sea coming on board cleared her from the vessel, when a number of passengers jumped over to swim to her, but all perished. The captain, first mate (Mr Cummerford,) eight of the crew, and two passengers swam to the boat and reached the shore in safety. Ten others, seven men and eight women, came ashore on part of the deck. Total loss of life is 99—saved 21. Twenty-five bodies have washed on shore, Monday morning.

From the report in the *Traveller*, we take the following:

The vessel struck about 7 A. M. on Sunday. The scene was witnessed from the Glade House, and is represented to have been terrible. The sea ran mountains high, and as soon as she touched, the waves swept the unfortunate human beings upon her crowded decks by dozens into the sea. The spectators of this awful night imagined that they could hear the cries of the victims as they were swept away, but as no boat, save the life-boat, could have lived in the gale, it was found impossible to render aid.

The life-boat left Cohasset early in the morning, and went to the aid of a British brig which was in danger at the mouth of the harbor, and carried her to a place of safety.

After the ship struck the rocks, she thumped awhile, but shortly went to pieces, holding together not more than fifty or sixty minutes. Seven women and three men came ashore on pieces of the wreck, alive, but some very much exhausted. Two dead bodies were also taken from pieces of the wreck.

Early in the forenoon, the news of the wreck began to spread, and in the afternoon, the shore was lined with people, who were active in getting bodies from the surf. Mr. Holmes, railroad conductor, was busy during the entire day in aiding the living and rescuing the dead bodies from the waves. One man, whose name we did not learn, came near losing his life in rescuing a body from the surf.

Towards nightfall the bodies began to come ashore, and quite a number were taken from the surf, all, however, dead. Dead bodies would be thrown upon the rocks, but before they could be reached, the sea would carry them back again.

Quite a number of passengers, especially women and children, were below when she struck, and were probably drowned there, as a hole was almost instantly thumped into her bottom. The long boat that reached the shore in safety contained, in addition to the captain and crew, only one passenger. Of seven first class passengers, who were all lost, were three girls, nieces of the owner of the vessel.—Great difficulty was experienced in saving those who came ashore on the pieces of the wreck, on account of the surf, which would throw them upon the rocks and then carry them to sea again. The poor creatures would cling with a death-grasp to the clothes of those who came to rescue them, and were with difficulty made to release their hold, even after having reached a place of safety.

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*Later from Port-au-Prince.*—Philadelphia, Wednesday, Oct. 10, P. M.—By an arrival at this port from Port-au-Prince, with dates to September 20, we learn that Soulouque had sent to France for a throne for himself and Empress, which was to exceed in cost and grandeur the most aristocratic courts of Europe. Two orders of knighthood have been established for the honor of the newly-created nobility—that is, the imperial title of St. Faustin and the Legion of Honor.

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*Negro Citizenship.*—The *Republican* recommends that a colored man be elected to a seat in our Legislature for the purpose of settling the question, whether a colored person can be a citizen or not. A colored man, if our memory be correct, was elected a member of the House of Representatives, some years ago—no one questioned his right to a seat, but he was persuaded to resign before entering upon the discharge of his duties as a legislator.—*Boston Post.*

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*Hayti.*—Solouque, after being declared emperor by an obsequious legislature has had his salary allowance, or whatever it may be, fixed at $150,000 per annum, with $50,000 for pin money for the empress. This is an enormous amount, when the population of the empire and its capacity for paying, are taken into consideration—greater than that enjoyed by the Emperor Napoleon and Josephine, extravagant as she was, and greater than that now enjoyed by any sovereign in Europe.

His Majesty Faustin I. has of course done what all mushroom majesties do—created a nobility, with the customary titles of Duke, Count, Baron, &c.; and has sent another expedition against the Dominicans.—*Washington Globe.*

## Receipts

*For the New York State Vigilance Committee.*

STATE OF NEW YORK.—S. Grigg and others, Levanna, $6,00; Friends, Stow's Square, 3,00; S. Brigham, Vienna, 1,00; Friends, per B. S. Halsey, Ithica, 5,00; D. W. Kinnie, Ovid, 5,00; per W. Stickney, Canastota, 2 00; Collected at Flushing, 4,00; O. S. Penfield, Delhi, 10,00; per Rev. J. King, Ritchfield, 5,00; J. Ellmore, Theresa, 1,00; Mrs. S. Danforth, Lafayette, 5,00; per L. D. Smith, West Winfield, 27,00; B. Perry Schaghticoke, 2,00; L W Fellows, Durham, 2,00; S. Howland, D. Thomas, B. Gould and C. H. Howland, Aurora, each 5,00; other friends, Aurora, 30 00; Friends, per W. Wagoner, Lebanon, 10,00; per W. M. Clarke, Syracuse, 5,00; Friends, Homer, 11,00; M. Hamlin, Penn Yan, 10,00—in all $164,00.

NEW YORK CITY.—S. Leeds, 10,00 A. Lane W. E. Whiting, L. Tappan, D. S. Williams and R. G. Williams, each, 5,00; Dr. T. Ruter, 4,50; J. C. Gray, I. Wright, and S. T. Sanger, each, 3,00; W. H. Pillow, 2,50; A. G. West, 2,00; ——— Pearson, 1,25; Mrs. Penfield, 1,00; Dr. A. S. Ball, 1,00; J. L. Ensigo, 1.00—in all—57,25.

MASSACHUSETTS.—W. Rotch, New Bedford, 50.00; D. & C. Joy, Northampton, 10.00; W. C. Taber, New Bedford, 10,00; N. Barney, Nantucket, 10,00; Hunt & Wilder, N. Bridgewater, 10,00; M. Faxon, do 3,00; E. E. Bennett, do. 1,00; J. M. Wilder, Hanover, 5,00; A. Curtis, East Abington, 5 00; P. Shaw, North Abington, 1,00; N. Shaw, South Weymouth, 2,00; Cash 75 cents—in all, $107,75.

CONNECTICUT.—Rev. G. W. Perkins, Meriden, 10,00; Dea. Hult. Clinton 5,00; S. Higgins, do. 2,00; H. Curtis & J. Parker, Meriden, each, 1 00; J. Braddock, West Meriden, 1,00; Cash, 50 cts.—in all, $20,50.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Henry Grew, Philadelphia, 5,00; D. Neall, do. 5,00.

ILLINOIS.—M. & L. Pettengill, 5,00.

NEW JERSEY.—J. Howe, Jersey City, 1,00.

TOTAL—$365 50.

☞ Of the above, $41,75 was voluntarily collected in Massachusetts and Connecticut, by our esteemed brother Alanson Work, of Hartford, Conn. Considerable sums have also been collected by our General Agent, Wm. L. Chaplin, E. M. K. Glenn, and others, which will be duly acknowledged when fully reported to the Treasurer.

WILLIAM HARNED, Treas'r.
No. 61 John Street.

NOTE.—Several of the above donations were accompanied by letters from friends in various parts of the country, of a very gratifying character, and showing a hearty co-operation in the great objects of the Committee. The truly Christian spirit, and eminently *practical* character of the following is our apology for giving it that publicity, for which we are aware the venerable writer did not intend it:

"———, 9th mo. 13, 1849.

"WM. HARNED:

"Dear Friend—Since the receipt of the Vigilance Committee's Circular, two weeks ago, I have been diligently engaged in endeavoring to respond to the call, and have found a greater degree of sympathy with suffering humanity than my appeals met with last spring. * * * * And in order to excite an interest for the oppressed in the breasts of the dear children, I solicited them to add their shillings and pence. The result is the enclosed draft (for FIFTY DOLLARS), which I thought preferable to bills, both as regards safety of conveyance, and *because of the discount on some of them.* My whole-hearted friend, E. D. T. assisted me; and as my age, (*over eighty years*) and consequent infirmities disqualify me for much more active service, I would recommend you to address the next Circular to her, instead of to one whose usefulness is pretty much over."

Surely the example of this "*Mother in Israel*" will arouse the dormant energies of our numerous friends who have not replied to our appeals and prompt them *immediately* to "GO AND DO LIKEWISE."

New York, Sept. 25, 1849.

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*LUCY STONE.*

An Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will attend the Society Meeting at Canton, Thursday October 18.

Walpole, Saturday, " 20.
East Walpole, Sunday, " 21.

## An Appeal to the Friends of the Anti-Slavery Cause.

☞ We commend to every individual into whose hands this paper may come the following Appeal of the General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the West. Surely no word of ours can be needed to impress the mind of any intellectual Abolitionist with the importance of multiplying and sustaining the agencies adapted to enlighten and control for the service of Freedom the Public Opinion of the West. The field is immense, and will repay by more than four-fold any amount of cultivation which it is in the power of the friends of the slave to bestow. Not only Ohio, itself an empire, holding the most important relations to the whole country, but Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and even Wisconsin and Iowa, and Young Minnesota, are embraced in the Western field which the American Anti-Slavery Society has undertaken to cultivate and make vocal with the songs of Liberty. This work, so immense in its extent and of such transcendent importance, cannot be effected unless every Abolitionist brings his gift to the altar. It is a small thing that the Agent asks of each individual—only One Dollar. We trust the response will be general, universal, and that the aggregate amount collected will be such as to gratify every philanthropic heart and furnish the means for an extensive and thorough effort to abolitionize the West.—*Ed. Bugle.*

DEAR FRIENDS: This appeal is made to you individually for a contribution of One Dollar to the American Anti-Slavery Society, to sustain its agencies in the West. It is of the utmost importance that this should be done, and that our operations be extended into Michigan and Indiana.—By your aid this can be done. The society has appointed me to call on you, on its behalf, for One Dollar for this purpose. Will you not give it? This number of The Bugle comes to you with the proceedings of the Great Convention at Berlin. That Convention voted to respond cheerfully to the call for contributions, and I need not multiply words to induce you to forward a dollar for the purpose specified, if you have the disposition and the ability, you will contribute the dollar without my saying more. You can forward it either to Robert F. Walcutt, No. 21 Cornhill, Boston; S. H. Gay, 142 Nassau St., New York; or to Samuel Brooke, Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio.

Please give the name and Post Office address of the contributor. We wish to publish them, 1st in The Bugle, 2nd together with a full report of the operations in a pamphlet, to be supplied to each contributor with all the names arranged, 1st by States, then by Counties, and next their Post Office addresses. The advantages of this arrangement cannot all be enumerated here. Some of them will be: it will make known the names and residences of the Abolitionists who do the work, to each other. The agent and publisher can send papers, pamphlets, tracts, &c. to them—notify meetings, and know upon whom to call in the prosecution of their labor.

SAM'L BROOKE,
*Gen. Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society at the West.*

REVOLUTION IN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

HOLDEN'S
ILLUSTRATED DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

Since the death of the proprietor of this popular Magazine, the property has passed into the hands of the subscriber, who will continue to publish it at the Publication Office,

*No. 109 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.*

*THE NEW VOLUME,*

To be commenced on the First of January, 1850, will comprise many important improvements, which, it is believed, will render the Magazine one of the best Periodicals published in the country, as it certainly is the cheapest. Among these improvements will be new and beautiful type, fine calendered paper, a higher order of illustrations than those heretofore given, and contributions from some of the ablest writers in America. It is the aim of the Proprietor to publish a Popular Magazine, adapted to the wants of all classes of reading people in the Republic, which shall be both instructive and amusing; and free alike from the grossness which characterizes much of the cheap literature, of the day, and from the vapidity of the so called "Ladies Magazines." The illustrations will consist of Original Drawings engraved on wood by the best Artists;

*PORTRAITS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS*
*AND VIEWS OF REMARKABLE PLACES,*

illustrated by pen and pencil. A strict revision will be exercised that no improper article, or word shall ever be admitted, so that it may be safely taken by persons of the utmost refinement, and read at the fireside for the amusement or instruction of the family circle.

The Review department of the Magazine will contain brief critical notices of all the new publications of the day, and will form a complete chronicle of current literature.

From the business and literary connexions already established, the best assistance that the country can afford will be secured for completing the plans of the publisher, and nothing will be wanting that ample pecuniary resources and watchful industry can obtain to make the Magazine the

*LEADING LITERARY PERIODICAL OF AMERICA.*

The extremely low rate at which it is published precludes the hope of profit, except from a circulation greater than that which any literary periodical has ever yet attained; but with the new avenues daily opening for the circulation of works of merit; the constantly increasing population of the country, the cheapness of the Magazine, and the superiority of its literary and artistic attractions to those of any other work now issued; the proprietor fearlessly engages in an enterprise which will be sure to benefit the public if it should not enrich himself.

The Magazine will be under the Editorial charge and supervision of

CHARLES F. BRIGGS,

who has been connected with it from the beginning.

The "PULPIT PORTRAITS," a series of Biographical Sketches, accompanied by well engraved Portraits of Eminent Divines of the American Churches, which have formed a conspicuous feature of "HOLDEN," will be continued in the succeeding Volumes of the Magazine, and will render it of peculiar value to religious people of every denomination.

THE FIFTH VOLUME

will commence on the First of January next, but will be issued on the 15th of December. Each number will consist of

64 PAGES, AND NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

The Terms are

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

in advance; the Magazine will be plainly and carefully directed and sent by mail *at the risk of the subscriber.* As each number will be stereotyped missing or lost numbers can be at any time supplied when ordered but will be deducted from the time for which payment has been received. Remittances may be sent at the risk of the Proprietor, provided a description of the bills are taken, and enclosed in the presence of the Post Master as evidence of the fact. Five copies will be furnished for $4 and 20 copies for $15. Nos for the year 1848, excepting the month of January, will be furnished at 4 cents each, and bound Volumes in cloth with gilt edge, from July to December inclusive, at $1 each.

Newspaper Publishers who will insert this Prospectus four times, and notice the Magazine monthly, will receive a Bound Volume for the year 1849 and an exchange for the coming year; they are requested to send only those papers in which the Prospectus and notices appear. Letters must be addressed in "Holden's Dollar Magazine, No 109 Nassau Street, New York," and *post-paid* in all cases.

WM. H. DIETZ,
PROPRIETOR.

Oct. 11. 4 mo

## Advertisement.

The NATIONAL ANTI-SAVERY STANDARD is published on Thursday of every week by The AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY at its office, 142 Nassau street, New York.

As the object of the Society is the ABOLITION OF AMERICAN CHATTEL SLAVERY, which is sustained, and can exist only, by virtue of a corrupt public sentiment, so the purpose of the Society's Organ, the STANDARD, is to establish the great truth, by facts of experience, and appeals to reason and common sense, that Slavery is economically, politically, morally, and religiously, a gigantic error, and a sin of the deepest dye, and should, therefore, be immediately, totally, and unconditionally, abandoned. It enforces the duty of secession from the body of a Church which palliates or defends such a system, and repudiates a Union whose common bond is the oppression of one sixth of the people.

It is the aim of those to whose management the paper is entrusted to make it, not only a faithful and earnest exponent of the highest Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country, but also a complete history of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause. A portion of its columns is always devoted to selections from other papers, both Northern and Southern, representing, so far as it is presented through the public press, the pro-slavery or Anti-Slavery complexion of the different sections of the Union.

It is designed also to be a good *family newspaper*, and contains always a brief synopsis of the most important current intelligence. Its fourth page is exclusively of a literary character, and is carefully collated from the best Foreign and Domestic Publications.

The STANDARD is edited by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, EDMUND QUINCY, and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY. Mr. Gay is the resident editor, and its chief management is entrusted to him. Each number of the paper will contain an article in the editorial columns from either Mr. Quincy or Mr Lowell over their proper initials.

RICHARD D. WEBB of Dublin, whose letters to the *Standard* have excited so much attention hitherto, for their just and discriminating view of Irish affairs, and for their general great ability and interest, will continue a regular correspondent of the paper.

Its price is $2 per annum, and the Executive Committee confidently and earnestly commend it to the patronage of the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and all opponents of American Slavery, as worthy, both for its object and its character, of their support

## Miscellany.

The following sketch of Mr. Poe, whose death was announced last week, is from the pen of Dr. Griswold, and will be read with interest. It was written for *The Tribune*:

### DEATH OF EDGAR A POE.

Edgar Allan Poe is dead. He died in Baltimore the day before yesterday. This announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it. The poet was known, personally or by reputation, in all this country; he had readers in England, and in several of the States of Continental Europe; but he had few or no friends; and the regrets for his death will be suggested principally by the consideration that in him literary art has lost one of its most brilliant but erratic stars.

The family of Mr. Poe—we learn from Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," from which a considerable portion of the facts in this notice are derived—was one of the oldest and most respectable in Baltimore. David Poe, his paternal grandfather, was a Quartermaster-General in the Maryland line during the Revolution, and the intimate friend of Lafayette, who during his last visit to the United States, called personally upon the General's widow, and tendered her acknowledgments for the services rendered to him by her husband. His great-grandfather, John Poe, married in England, Jane, a daughter of Admiral James McBride, noted in British naval history and claiming a kindred with some of the most illustrious English families. His father and mother,—both of whom were in some way connected with the theatre, and lived as precariously as their more gifted and more eminent son—died within a few weeks of each other, of consumption, leaving him an orphan, at two years of age. Mr. John Allan, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Virginia, took a fancy to him, and persuaded his grandfather to suffer him to adopt him. He was brought up in Mr. Allan's family; and as that gentleman had no other children, he was regarded as his son and heir. In 1816 he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Allan to Great Britain, visited every portion of it, and afterward passed four or five years in a school kept at Stoke Newington, near London, by Rev. Dr. Bransby. He returned to America in 1822, and in 1825 went to the Jefferson University, at Charlottesville, in Virginia, where he led a very dissipated life, the manners of the college being at that time extremely dissolute. He took the first honors, however, and went home greatly in debt. Mr. Allan refused to pay some of his debts of *honor*, and he hastily quitted the country on a Quixotte expedition to join the Greeks, then struggling for liberty. He did not reach his original destination, however, but made his way to St. Petersburg, in Russia, where he became involved in difficulties, from which he was extricated by the late Mr. Henry Middleton, the American Minister at that capital. He returned home in 1829, and immediately afterwards entered the Military Academy at West Point. In about eighteen months from that time, Mr. Allan, who had lost his first wife while Mr. Poe was in Russia, married again. He was sixty-five years of age, and the lady was young; Poe quarreled with her, and the veteran husband, taking the part of his wife, addressed him an angry letter, which was answered in the same spirit. He died soon after, leaving an infant son the heir to his property, and bequeathed Poe nothing.

The army, in the opinion of the young cadet, was not a place for a poor man; so he left West Point abruptly, and determined to maintain himself by authorship. He printed, in 1827, a small volume of poems, most of which were written in early youth. Some of these poems are quoted in a reviewal by Margaret Fuller, in *The Tribune* in 1846, and are justly regarded as among the wonderful exhibitions of the precocious developement of genius. They illustrated the character of his abilities, and justified his anticipations of success. For a considerable time, however, though he wrote readily and brilliantly, his contributions to the journals attracted little attention, and his hopes of gaining a livelihood by the profession of literature were nearly ended at length in sickness, poverty and despair. But in 1831, the proprietor of a weekly gazette, in Baltimore, offered two premiums, one for the best story in prose, and the other for the best poem In due time Poe sent in two articles, and he waited anxiously for the decision. One of the Committee was the accomplished author of "Horse Shoe Robinson," John P. Kennedy, and his associates were scarcely less eminent than he for wit and critical sagacity. Such matters are usually disposed of in a very off hand way: Committees to award literary prizes drink to the payer's health, in good wines, over the unexamined MSS., which they submit to the discretion of publishers, with permission to use their names in such a way as to promote the publishers' advantage. So it would have been in this case, but that one of the Committee, taking up a little book, in such exquisite caligraphy as to seem like one of the finest issues of the press of Putnam, was tempted to read several pages, and being interested, he summoned the attention of the company to the half-dozen compositions in the volume. It was unanimously decided that the prizes should be paid to the first of geniuses who had written legibly. Not another MS. was unfolded.—Immediately the "confidential envelope" was opened, and the successful competitor was found to bear the scarcely known name of Poe.

The next day the publisher called to see Mr. Kennedy, and gave him an account of the author that excited his curiosity and sympathy, and caused him to request that he should be brought to his office. Accordingly he was introduced: the prize money had not been paid, and he was in the costume in which he had answered the advertisement of his good fortune. Thin, and pale even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A tattered frock coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and the ruins of boots disclosed more than the want of stockings. But the eyes of the young man were luminous with intelligence and feeling, and his voice, and conversation, and manners, all won upon the lawyer's regard. Poe told his history, and his ambition, and it was determined that he should not want means for a suitable appearance in society, nor opportunity for a just display of his abilities in literature. Mr. Kennedy accompanied him to a clothing store, and purchased for him a respectable suit, with changes of linen, and sent him to a bath, from which he returned with the suddenly-regained bearing of a gentleman.

The late Mr. Thomas W. White had then recently established *The Southern Literary Messenger*, at Richmond, and upon the warm recommendation of Mr. Kennedy, Poe was engaged, at a small salary—we believe of $500 a year—to be its editor. He entered upon his duties with letters full of expressions of the warmest gratitude to his friends in Baltimore, who in five or six weeks were astonished to learn that with characteristic recklessness of consequences, he was hurriedly married to a girl as poor as himself. Poe continued in this situation about a year and a half, in which he wrote many brilliant articles, and raised the *Messenger* to the first rank of literary periodicals.

He next removed to Philadelphia, to assist William E. Burton in the editorship of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a miscellany that in 1840 was merged into *Graham's Magazine*, of which Poe became one of the principal writers, particularly in criticism, in which his papers attracted much attention, by their careful and skillful analysis, and general caustic severity. At this period, however, he appears to have been more ambitious of securing distinction in romantic fiction, and a collection of his compositions in this department, published in 1841, under the title of "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," established his reputation for ingenuity, imagination, and extraordinary power for tragical narration.

Near the end of 1844 Poe removed to New York, where he conducted for several months a literary miscellany called "*The Broadway Journal*. In 1845 he published a volume of "Tales" in Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books, and in the same series a collection of his poems. Besides these volumes he was the author of "Arthur Gordon Pym," a romance; "A New Theory of English Versification;" "Eureka," an essay on the material and spiritual universe: a work which he wished to have "judged as a poem;" and several extended series of papers in the periodicals, the most noticeable of which are "Marginalia," embracing opinions of books and authors; "Secret Writing," "Autography," and "Sketches of the Literati of New York."

His wife died in 1847, at Fordham, near this City, and some of our readers will remember the paragraphs in the papers of the time, upon his destitute condition. His wants were supplied by the liberality of a few individuals. We remember that Colonel Webb collected in a few moments fifty or sixty dollars for him at the Union Club; Mr. Lewis, of Brooklyn, sent a similar sum from one of the Courts, in which he was engaged when he saw the statement of the poet's poverty; and others illustrated in the same manner the effect of such an appeal to the popular heart.

Since that time Mr. Poe had lived quietly and with an income from his literary labors sufficient for his support. A few weeks ago he proceeded to Richmond in Virginia, where he lectured upon the poetical character, &c.; and it was understood by some of his correspondents here that he was this week to be married, most advantageously, to a lady of that city: a widow, to whom he had been previously engaged while a student in the University.

The character of Mr. Poe we cannot attempt to describe in this very hastily written article. We can but allude to some of its more striking phases.

His conversation was at times almost supra-mortal in its eloquence. His voice was modulated with astonishing skill, and his large and variably expressive eyes looked repose or shot fiery tumult into theirs who listened, while his own face glowed, or was changeless in pallor, as his imagination quickened his blood or drew it back frozen to his heart. His imagery was from the worlds which no mortals can see but with the vision of genius. Suddenly starting from a proposition exactly and sharply defined in terms of utmost simplicity and clearness, he rejected the forms of customary logic, and by a crystalline process of accretion, built up his occular demonstrations in forms of gloomiest and ghastliest grandeur, or in those of the most airy and delicious beauty—so minutely, and distinctly, yet so rapidly, that the attention which was yielded to him was chained till it stood among his wonderful creations—till he himself dissolved the spell, and brought his hearers back to common and base existence, by vulgar fancies or exhibitions of the ignoblest passion.

He was at all times a dreamer—dwelling in ideal realms—in heaven or hell—peopled with the creatures and the accidents of his brain. He walked the streets, in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer, (never for himself, for he felt, or professed to feel, that he was already damned) but for their happiness who at the moment were objects of his idolatry;—or, with his glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish, and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms; and all night, with drenched garments and arms beating the winds and rains, would speak as if to spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from the Aidenn close by whose portals his disturbed soul sought to forget the ills to which his constitution subjected him—close by the Aidenn where were those he loved—the Aidenn which he might never see, but in fitful glimpses, as its gates opened to receive the less fiery and more happy nature whose destiny to sin did not involve the doom of death.

He seemed, except when some fitful pursuit subjugated his will and engrossed his faculties, always to bear the memory of some controlling sorrow.—The remarkable poem of *The Raven* was probably much more nearly than has been supposed, even by those who were very intimate with him, a reflexion and an echo of his own history. He was that bird's

——Unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,
Till his songs the burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope, the
Melancholy burden bore
Of "Nevermore," of "Nevermore."

Every genuine author in a greater or less degree leaves in his works, whatever their design, traces of personal character: elements of his immortal being, in which the individual survives the person. While we read the pages of the *Fall of the House of Usher*, or of *Mesmeric Revelations*, we see in the solemn and stately gloom which invests one, and in the subtle metaphysical analysis of both, indications of the idiosyncracies,—of what was most remarkable and peculiar—in the author's intellectual nature. But we see here only the better phases of this nature, only the symbols of his juster action, for his harsh experience had deprived him of all faith, in man or woman. He had made up his mind upon the numberless complexities of the social world, and the whole system with him was an imposture. This conviction gave a direction to his shrewd and naturally unamiable character. Still, though he regarded society as composed altogether of villains, the sharpness of his intellect was not of that kind which enabled him to cope with villany, while it continually caused him by overshots to fail of the success of honesty. He was in many respects like Francis Vivian in Bulwer's novel of "The Caxtons." "Passion, in him, comprehended many of the worst emotions which militate against human happiness. You could not contradict him, but you raised quick choler; you could not speak of wealth, but his cheek paled with gnawing envy. The astonishing natural advantages of this poor boy—his beauty, his readiness, the daring spirit that breathed around him like a fiery atmosphere—had raised his constitutional self-confidence into an arrogance that turned his very claims to admiration into prejudices against him. Irascible, envious—bad enough, but not the worst, for these salient angles were all varnished over with a cold repellent cynicism, his passions vented themselves in sneers. There seemed to him no mortal susceptibility; and, what was more remarkable in a proud nature, little or nothing of the true point of honor. He had, to a morbid excess, that desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed—not shine, not serve—succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit."

We have suggested the influence of his aims and vicissitudes upon his literature. It was more conspicuous in his latter than in his earlier writings. Nearly all that he wrote in the last two or three years—including much of his best poetry—was in some sense biographical; in draperies of his imagination, those who had taken the trouble to trace his steps, could perceive, but slightly concealed, the figure of himself.

There are perhaps some of our readers who will understand the allusions of the following beautiful poem. Mr. Poe presented it in MS. to the writer of these paragraphs, just before he left New York recently, remarking that it was the last thing he had written:

#### ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

*I* was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

We must omit any particular criticism of Mr. Poe's works. As a writer of tales it will be admitted generally, that he was scarcely surpassed in ingenuity of construction, or effective painting. As a critic, he was more remarkable as a dissecter of sentences than as commenter upon ideas: he was little better than a carping grammarian. As a poet, he will retain a most honorable rank. Of his "Raven," Mr. Willis observes, that in his opinion "it is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and is unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift." In poetry, as in prose, he was most successful in the metaphysical treatment of the passions. His poems are constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art. They illustrate a morbid sensitiveness of feeling, a shadowy and gloomy imagination, and a taste almost faultless in the apprehension of that sort of beauty most agreeable to his temper.

We have not learned the circumstances of his death. It was sudden, and from the fact that it occurred in Baltimore, it is to be presumed that he was on his return to New York.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

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LUDWIG.

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From the notice of Edgar A. Poe, in yesterday's paper, we were compelled by want of room to omit several paragraphs including extracts from the deceased bard's writings. In one of these—the following exquisite versification, the cadences of which are so natural, and in such keeping, there is illustrated less of the creative faculty than in most of his pieces. It was addressed to a woman of kindred genius, to whom, it is not a secret that sometime since the death of his first wife, he was for a short time engaged to be married. We know the scene, in a neighboring city; and we know that the incident of his seeing the person under such circumstances is literally true:

#### TO —— —— ——

I saw thee once—once only—years ago,
I must not say how many—but not many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon that, like thine own soul, soaring,
Sought a precipitant pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee and by the poetry of thy presence.
Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell on the faces of the upturned roses,
And on their own, upturned—alas! in sorrow.
Was it not Fate that, on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
That made me pause before that garden-gate
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses)
No footstep stirred: the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared,
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly luster of the moon went out:
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees,
Were seen no more: the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.
All, expired save thee—save less than thou:
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me.
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie unwritten
Upon thine crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a woe, yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!
But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud,
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. Only thine eyes remained.
They would not go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me, they lead me through the years
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle—
My duty, to be saved by their bright light,
And purified in their electric fire—
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with beauty, (which is hope,)
And are far up in Heaven, the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still—too sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

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From Sharpe's London Magazine.

### CAGLIOSTRO.

"Each lie lives out its day,
But truth abides for aye."

The eighteenth century was ripe with impostures and delusions. Many were the adventurers and enthusiasts who by their pretensions drew after them multitudes of disciples, more endued with credulity than common sense. John Law, with his South Sea bubbles and Mississippi schemes, to entrap the worshippers of Mammon; Swedenborg, with his angelic visitants and spiritual colloquies, so attractive to minds of a more ideal cast; the Count de St. Germain, with his elixir of youth and philosopher's stone; Mesmer with his marvellous magnetic influence; the Abbe de Paris with his miraculous cures and self-crucifying disciples,—such were a few of the remarkable persons who gathered around them followers in all countries, and among all classes of people. But chiefly in France did these wonder-workers congregate together. There did irreligion and immorality most widely prevail, and there, consequently, did credulity and superstition find the readiest reception; for the human mind is so constituted that it cannot rest satisfied with an utter rejection of all supernatural belief; and thus it came to pass, that at the time when philosophers and men of letters refused to worship the Creator, they yielded to a sentimental homage to the moon; and while denying the supremacy of Almighty God, they believed in Cagliostro's power over the spirits of the air. Nor is this to be marvelled at, for in the moral as in the natural world, it is from the focus of corruption that some ignus fatuus springs forth, which by its deluding brilliancy perplexes and beguiles the unwary.

It was amid this whirl of deceivers and deceived, that the arch-quack Cagliostro appeared in Paris, about the year 1784, and by his plausible knavery drew within his magic circle multitudes of men and women who professed themselves philosophers, after the fashion of philosophy in those days. It may, perhaps, be neither uninteresting nor uninstructive to trace out rapidly the course of this remarkable man, and to watch awhile the waxing and waning of his fortunes. Some lessons it will teach, which are so obvious that they need not be noted down here.

About the year 1740, the hearth of Marco Balsamo, a decayed man of law, in Messina, was gladdened by the birth of a son, named Giuseppe, of whose early years little is known, save that from the good wives of the vicinity his troublesome doings won for him the nickname of "*Maledetto.*" At the age of fifteen, he was devoted by his parents to the ecclesiastical profession, and they consigned him for his noviciate to the neighboring monastery of Cartigione, where his services were allotted chiefly to the convent apothecary, within whose labratory he gained his first insight into the principles of chemistry and medicines. It is probable that here also were sown the early seeds of his future destiny, for in those days alchemy still formed a very favorite part of conventual study. Not long, however, was his tarrying among the worthy monks of Cartigione, for it so happened that they having commanded him one day to read aloud a portion of the "Martyrology," as was their wont, during the hours of repast, Giuseppe, despising the accredited saints of the Roman church, using his wit somewhat unadvisedly, read aloud from the pages of his own vivid imagination a story which savored much of lightness and profanity. This gross impropriety caused his immediate expulsion from the convent, and for some while after he seems to have divided his time between brawls and painting. But swindling was far more congenial to his taste than the fine arts; and having defrauded a certain Sicilian jeweller, named Maran, of his money, by promising in recompense to obtain for him a hidden treasure, the adventure ended in Balsamo's detection and flight from his native country. So, as his Biographer of the Inquisition expresses it, "he fled from Palermo, and overrun the whole earth." And truly this description seems scarcely hyperbolical; for during the following few years of his life, we hear of him in Arabia, where he studied alchemy and chemistry, under a Greek, named Althotas; in Egypt and Turkey, where he sold drugs and amulets; in Malta, where he was favorably received by the Grand Master, Pinto, and attempted to transmute copper into gold; in Spain and the Netherlands; in Germany, whilst he went on a philosophical pilgrimage to the Count de St. Germain; and at the shrines of St. Iago di Compostella, and our Lady of Loretto, whither he professed to be guided by a spirit of devotion. Finally he reäppeared at Rome, where he married a beautiful girl, named Lorenza Feliciani, who became afterwards, not only the partner of his fortunes, but also of his impostures. It was at this period of his life, that, after having changed his name repeatedly, he assumed the title of Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, and gave himself out as a restorer of the Rosicrusian philosophy, professing to have the faculty of rendering himself invisible, as well as of evoking spirits and restoring youth to old age, by means of his elixir of life. With such marvellous pretensions, and an extraordinary share of effrontery, he soon acquired ascendency over the minds of the multitude, and his reputation shortly spread itself throughout Europe.

Our "sea-girt isle" was *favored* more then once by his presence; his first visit being under the simple name of Joseph Balsamo, as a house-painter, and dealer in drugs; the second time, under the assumed title of Count Cagliostro; when he contrived to reap from some wealthy dupes a rich harvest of gold and jewels; but being betrayed and accused by an accomplice, named Scott, he was consigned to prison, from whence, with much difficulty, he obtained his liberation and fled to the continent.

Here we lose sight of him for a while, until he emerges out of obscurity in the year 1780, at St. Petersburgh, where the court is dazzled by his pretensions to supernatural powers, and Prince Potemkin is reckoned among his believers and disciples. The day of detection, however, soon comes, and being charged with the crimes of forgery and fraud, he flies for his life, accompanied by the Countess Seraphina; for so is the humble Lorenza designated in these halcyon days of their prosperity. The arch-quack is next heard of in Germany, where he travels about in uncommon splendor, with a numerous suite, "followed," as the penman of the Inquisition writes, "by courtiers, lacqueys, domestic servants of all sorts, sumptuously dressed, which gave an air of reality to the high birth he vaunted. Apartments furnished in the height of the mode; a magnificent table open to numerous guests; rich dresses for himself and wife, corresponded to this luxuriant way of life. His feigned generosity also made a great noise. Often he gratuitously doctored the poor, and even gave them alms."

Cagliostro's portrait, which was taken at this time, was quickly engraved, and the copies being scattered throughout Europe, were eagerly purchased.—One of these engravings, which still exists, presents to our view a full and somewhat ignoble countenance, with a "forehead of brass," while the soft studied glance of his uplifted eyes, rendered still more repelling the low expression of his features.

Such was Joseph Balsamo in his outer man, and yet, through his imposing arts, and his seeming benevolence, he decieved for a while the learned, the grave, the noble of the earth. Even the excellent Lavater, perplexed by his professions and fair words, avows his opinion that "Cagliostro is a man such as few are; in whom, however," continues the good old man, "I am not a believer. Oh, that he were simple of heart, and humble like a child! Cagliostro often tells what is not true, and promises what he does not perform. Yet do I nowise hold his operations as altogether deceptive, though they are not what he calls them."

It must be remembered that this celebrated physiognomist was of the mystic school, and therefore more accessible to the claims of any spiritual pretender. Moreover, he was so true and earnest a person himself, that he would fain think the best of others; being, perhaps, of the opinion of a recent writer, who says that "life is too short to be suspicious." The time was hastening on when Cagliostro's knavery should be thoroughly unmasked.—Meanwhile, a new element of power had been added to his resources, for he had been admitted into the fraternity of Freemasons, which procured him a ready welcome among the brethren wherever he went; and on this basis he reared the edifice of his Egyptian masonry, by whose mystic agency he promised not only to restore youth to the aged, but also to confer perfection on the guilty. Of this order, whose original founders were, he averred, Enoch and Elias, he declared himself the Grand Cophta or high priest, and constituted Seraphina the high priestess, as masons of both sexes were to be admitted into it. By the aid of a pupil or "Colomb," (for so was named the child selected as their interpreter,) he pretended to unfold futurity to his dupes; and perhaps we need scarcely be surprised at the multitude of inquirers who beset his doors: for in every human breast there dwells a lingering desire to anticipate the designs of fate, and penetrate the darkness of futurity; therefore, on no other subject is it so easy to deceive the world as this.

The most prosperous moment of Cagliostro's life was in 1783, at Strasbourg, where he reckoned among his victims Louis de Rohan, Prince and Bishop of Strasbourg, whose wealth and favor were lavishly bestowed on the adventurer. At this same time he played the *role* of a lofty benefactor of the human race. The Prince de Rohan having desired to see him: "If Monseigneur the Cardinal is sick, let him come, and I will cure him," was the reply. "If he is well, he has no need of me, I none of him." The cardinal was subdued by such high-minded independence. He visited the quack, who affected to be captivated by his noble visitor, saying: "Your soul is worthy of mine; you deserve to be made a participator of my secrets." From that moment the prince who was an earnest investigator of alchemy, became his willing slave, and placed his palace, his wealth, his credit at Cagliostro's disposal. On being informed one day, that the Grand Cophta and his high-priestess were revelling so disgracefully in his palace, that the "Tokay wine ran like water," his answer was, "Let it be so; I have authorized him even to commit abuses, if he thinks fit to do so." So strong are the bonds forged by an opportune flattery on a vain speculative mind!

Other French gentlemen of credit (M. M. de Segur, de Vergennes, and de la Borde,) write in the following terms concerning this impostor to the Prætor of Strasbourg: "We have seen the Count Alessandro di Cagliostro, whose countenance bespeaks genius, and whose eloquence convinces and captivates the hearer. We have beheld him going round a vast hall, from one afflicted being to another, dressing their wounds, softening their miseries, imparting hope to all; and in these acts of humanity he is aided by his countess, a modest and beautiful person, who is worthy of her admirable husband."

Let us hear a very different opinion expressed by a solid professor from Gottingen, Meiners by name: "My conviction is that Count Cagliostro from of old has been more of a cheat than an enthusiast, and also, that he continues a cheat to this day. As to his country, I have ascertained nothing. Some make him a Jew, some an Arab, who having persuaded a certain Asiatic prince to send his son to travel in Europe, murdered the youth and took possession of his treasures. He himself pretends to claim the Cherif of Mecca for his father. As the self styled count speaks badly all the languages one hears from him, and has spent the greater part of his life under feigned names, it is probable that no sure trace of his origin may ever be discovered. On his first appearance in Strasbourg, he connected himself with the Freemasons, but only till he felt strong enough to stand on his own feet. He soon gained the favor of the prætor and cardinal, and through these, the favor of the court, to such a degree that his adversaries cannot so much as think of overthrowing him. With the prætor and cardinal he demeans himself as with persons who are under boundless obligations to him, and uses the cardinal's equipage as freely as if it were his own. He pretends to recognize atheists and blasphemers by the smell, and that the vapor from such throws him into epileptic fits: into which sacred disorder he, like a true juggler, has the art of falling when he pleases. He pretends to evoke spirits and to bear rule over them. He takes nothing from his patients, and even lodges many of them at his house without recompense. With all this conspicuous disinterestedness, he lives in an expensive way, plays deep, and loses almost continually to ladies; so that he must require at least 20,000 livres a year. The darkness which Cagliostro has spread over the sources of his income and outlay, contributes even more than his cures and his munificence to the notion that he is a divine sort of man, who has watched nature in her deepest operations and, among other secrets, stolen that of gold-making from her. With a mixture of sorrow and indignation over our age, I have to record that not only the great, who from of old have been the easiest bewitched by such pretenders, but also with many of the learned, and even physicians and naturalists, he has received a cordial reception."

So speaks the sober German professor, more largely gifted with common sense and less endued with the organ of wonder than the superficial gentleman already quoted.

We have yet one more witness to cite before our readers as to the real character of this *Charlatan*: one of a different stamp from any of those whose testimony we have already given. It is a French lady of the highest rank and talents—a shrewd, sensible, and witty woman, cousin to the afore-named dupe of Cagliostro's, the Cardinal de Rohan. But before recording the Marquise de Crequi's opinion of Cagliostro, we must promise that it was a part of his plan never to make too long a stay at any place, but as soon as the first flow of popularity was past, and distrust became awakened, he would try some new ground. Accordingly, after a while we no longer hear of him at Strasbourg, but find him at Bordeaux, where his magnificent hotel was crowded night and day to such an excess by applicants from far and near, that the municipal authorities granted him a military guard to keep order.

The fair countess played her part by opening her *salon* to the affluent and noble, who were enchanted by her grace and loveliness; nor were the ladies of this southern city slow in purchasing the costly elixir, which was supposed to have preserved the countess's charms in such unimpaired perfection: for although in fact a young woman, she professed to have already attained a very advanced age. This bewilderment did not, however, last long, and being deserted by the rich and hooted by the populace, who nicknamed him "the wandering Jew," and threatened him with personal violence, Cagliostro and his wife escaped from Bordeaux, and bent their steps towards Paris. Here, as usual, he appeared in the complex character of magician and Grand Cophta, and the volatile Parisians, always eager in their pursuit of novelty, were enchanted to have among them a being who professed to be endued with such marvellous powers. Through the friendly zeal of his patron the Cardinal de Rohan, Cagliostro gained immediate access into the highest Parisian circles, and among the *grandes dames* to whom he bore a particular introduction was one to whom we have already alluded, the Marquise de Crequi, from whose memoirs we extract the following particulars:—

'About this time there came to Paris Joseph Balsamo, who after having called himself at different times Count Tischio, Count de Melissa, Commander of Belmonte, Chevalier Pellegrini, Count Fenice, was now definitely known as Count de Cagliostro. He was a man of clumsy figure, and his dress was in singularly bad taste. It was composed of blue taffetas slashed with a profusion of silver lace, and his hair was dressed after the strangest fashion, with long powdered plaits confined in pig tails. He wore openwork stockings with gold clocks, and velvet shoes whose buckles were sparkling with jewels. As many diamonds were displayed about his person as he possibly could find room for. His costume was completed by a hat with waving white plumes, which he invariably drew over his brow whenever he wished to speak with peculiar emphasis and energy. During eight months of the year, all that was covered with a large pelisse of blue *renard*; and when I say *all that*, I use the words advisedly, for attached to this loose upper garment was a large fur hood with three long points depending from it, which he pulled over his hat in cold weather, and whenever our children saw him approach with his horned head gear of renard-skin, they always strove who should get the most quickly out of his way.

"His features were regular, his skin fresh-colored, and his teeth white and perfect. I will not attempt to describe his physiognomy, because he had at least a dozen at his command. Never have I seen two eyes like his! He had a quick perception of what was graceful or in good taste either in the manners or external aspect of those with whom he had to do. Indeed he was gifted with extraordinary *finesse* in detecting any shade of vulgarity in the thoughts, habits, or conversation of others, and with this delicate appreciation of what was refined. I could not but suspect that he disguised himself in this grotesque costume, merely to gain a more decided influence over the multitude by assuming an air of originality. The moral physiognomy of this *charlatan* was as changing as his physical one, and it was partly through this contemptible instability of profession that he contrived for awhile to deceive such opposite classes of persons. With our philosophers and *beaux-esprits* he professed himself an infidel, and during his incantations, profanely parodied the most sacred rites of religion. On such occasions, he would with the profoundest expressions of reverence evoke Satan to the presence of his guests, for the purpose of unfolding the dread secrets of futurity, and I lament to say that not only our giddy courtiers, but also some of our princes of the blood, countenanced these orgies by their presence.

"On the other hand, Cagliostro compounded with the scruples of Catholics, when he found that their religious convictions were not to be shaken; and so artful was his hypocricy, that among his most ardent proselytes were to be found some of the *convulsionnaire* Jansenists, mystic of the cross, and illuminati The most noted of these was a visionary Spaniard, named Don Luis de Lima Vasconcellos, grand-prior of Lima, and brother to the Spanish ambassador, a man of ardent and enthusiastic mind, concerning whom Cagliostro has left a curious history as related by himself.

To give you some idea of the enthusiasm which this man contrived to inspire, I will transcribe a letter of Prince Louis, Cardinal de Rohan, who recommended him to me in these terms: "You have doubtless heard, madame and dear cousin, of the Count de Cagliostro, of the excellent qualities by which he is distinguished, of his admirable science and virtue, which have won for him the esteem and respect of all the most distinguished persons in Strasbourg, and *my* unbounded attachment and veneration He is now in Paris, and I earnestly commend him to your good offices, feeling assured that through your kindness he will meet with a cordial reception in the most distinguished circles there. I pray you not to give heed to the calumnies uttered by his enemies against this admirable man. It is with a feeling of reverence that I have observed his unfailing tendency towards all that is great and good, and I feel assured that he will obtain your confidence and esteem, so that you may become his true friend and protector. Adieu, madame and dear cousin. You know how respectful and tender is my attachment to you."

"Louis, Bishop and Prince of Strasbourg."

My answer was as follows:—"My cousin,—I have seen M. de Cagliostro, and have even received him at my house, in order that I might be the better able to form a correct opinion concerning him. All that I can say in favor of M. Cagliostro is, that he has much versatility of talent, and is a very clever man. God grant that you may never have cause to rue your confidence in him. You must not expect, my good cousin, that I shall introduce or recommend him to any one, and as it is most probable he has perceived that I suspect him of *charlatanism*, it is not very likely that I shall often be favored with his company."

Very soon after this period, began the perplexities of the cardinal concerning the issue of his negotiations with La Motte, the treacherous and worthless agent whom he had employed in the affair of the diamond necklace: an episode in history to which we can but briefly allude here. On this occasion, he consulted his oracle as to the event of this affair, and received for answer that favor with royalty was secured, as well as his complete triumph over all political enemies. It need scarcely be told that Cagliostro's prediction proved utterly false; and in his patron's fall was likewise involved *his* ruin and disgrace. He was accused of being La Motte's accomplice, and after several months imprisonment in the Bastile, and the loss of much ill-gotten wealth, he was permitted to leave the kingdom. Accordingly, he fled to England, where Lord George Gordon, from political motives, espoused his cause and wrote a pamphlet in his behalf against the French Government. But the blaze of Cagliostro's fame was now burnt out. Being detected in some fraudulent attempt, he absconded to Turin—was banished thence by an order of the King of Sardinia—met a like fate at Trent, when he ventured again into the dominions of the Emperor of Germany—and being thus driven from one country to another, his bold-facedness tempted him into the lion's den, and on a May-day of the year 1789 he entered Rome, whither his evil genius had beguiled him, for within the walls of the Eternal City that doom awaited him which had so long been his due Towards the close of the same year he was detected forming an Egyptian lodge, was seized by the Inquisition, and safely lodged in the castle of St. Angelo.

Here is the wand of the magician broken. In vain does he plead that Egyptian masonry is a divine system accommodated to the spirit of the age, and the holy father's approbation and patronage. In vain does he offer to become the pope's spy. No favor is shown him, and on learning that the fair Seraphina (prisoner in a neighboring cell has begun to confess, he too opens his lips, and tells out a marvellous story, in which, doubtless, truth and falsehood are singularly blended together, all of which is noted down carefully by one of the brethren of the Inquisition After a delay of eighteen months, the holy father gives sentence that all Joseph Balsamo's works on Egyptian masonry, magic, and other forbidden subjects, are to be burnt by the common hangman, and his life forfeited as a heretic and sorcerer, but the sentence to be commuted into one of perpetual imprisonment.

This was in April, 1791. In vain did the wretched man appeal to the French Constituent Assembly They troubled not themselves about him. In vain did he complain and struggle against his fate That spirit which had feasted itself on lies and fraud was now left in lonely captivity, to brood over past crimes and present misery. After a lingering imprisonment, he pined away, and was found dead within the walls of St. Angelo towards the close of the year 1795. Thus perished one who had abilities for great and good things, but unhappily, though perverse
misapplied and corrupted those faculties
been given for other and far higher pur
for the Countess Seraphina, alias Lorenz
she too was convicted of magic, sacrileg
was allowed to escape a severer punishm
muring herself within the convent of St.
where she died early in 1794

Cagliostro was the last pretender of
Europe to the science of Alchemy. The
gold is not less eager in the nineteenth ce
it was in preceding ages, but man are no
lous as to the mode of its acquisition. H
who seek for it by honest and persevering
with a higher aim in view than the mere
of an avaricious temper, or the vain ambi
shining their neighbors in wealth and lux

### FOLK-LORE.—THE "MAUTHE DOO

Most of the readers of Sir Walter S
quainted with the Mauthe Doog—for c
inhabitant of Peel Castle in the Isle of
creature, in the form of an enormous
shaggy, and gigantic—was observed to is
from a subterranean passage leading to
room, to which it returned with the daw
ing, wandering over the sands in search
ring the night. This circumstance, say
in his description of the Isle of Man, "
look upon this place as its peculiar r
Above a century ago, one of the garrison,
en frolic, ventured to confront it alone—
as he said, "to try whether it were dog
returned shortly afterwards speechless
within three days in the greatest agon
Mauthe Doog was never after seen in the
would any one go through that passage
reason it was closed up." "This acc
Waldron, "I heard attested by several,
ly by an old soldier, who assured me t
seen it oftener than he had hairs on his

Though thus walled out of his castle
still haunts the neighborhood, and (wit
good taste for so uncouth a creature)
with taking moonlight rambles across
Sands and Morecambe Bay. A year
spent some months in this neighborho
picturesque and unsophisticated little w
called Silverdale near the head of the
after a day's ramble, spent in sketching
ing. I used sometimes to enjoy an eve
over a turf fire with an old "statesm
those small landed proprietors common
who can claim an uninterrupted d
father to son for centuries—many of
remained on the paternal estate from
generation since the Saxon era. The d
ture of the Lancaster sands is well kn
cidents have frequently happened to pa
them without a guide, as the high t
rapidly (with what is technically calle
the channel of the river is perpetual
leaving in its place a quicksand. It i
casions that the Mauthe Doog is said
the broad sands; and the concurrent t
actual testimony of the whole district a
night before one of these fatal accident
ly howlings have been heard over the
of the bay.—

"Sagacious of his quarry from
My venerable old friend who with his
pursuits united the occupation of a fishe
me that he had himself often hear
voice and mentioned among others
instance.—It was a clear summer's nig
forty years ago that he was out on
three comrades, pursuing their avocat
creature's voice was heard—first distan
ually drawing nearer, sometimes howli
heads, sometimes appearing to come fr
sands under their feet then it became
ing of waves mingled with groans a
They distinctly heard 'Oh, Lord! O
peated several times 'I tell the tal
to me." The old man declared they
mistaken, they knew the sound of old
be thunder, it could not be the sea, i
any noise on the land. They were m
the shore, the tide was out, and the n
and moonlight. On their return hom
ing, they found that the same sounds l
at intervals throughout the night by
in expectation of some boding catast
of the scattered population assembled
In the village of Warton, a few miles
a wild and dissipated young fellow
*sobriquet* of "Wicked Will." Wic
gone over to Ulverston fair with some
nions, where they had spent the nigh
in the morning, having loitered on
reached the beach after the usual ti
Wicked Will, however, resisted every
remain and with drunken obstina
would cross though the devil himself
fetch him. When they had reached
of miles of the opposite shore—the ti
coming up—the line of channel wa
water, and they soon got out of the
guide, who had seen them from a dis
across to help them, and the fisher
watching on the shore, came with rop
their assistance All was, however,
ed Will, though twice dragged out
was too bewildered to know which w
struggled again into deep water, an
He was buried in Warton Churchya
told, there is a grave-stone on the
cording his death. This is but on
stances which are vouched for by hu
plicitly believed. I should add, how
have latterly become rare; and, in
formant very naively added, the cre
*ha's part gi'en up o' late.*" Should
succeed in carrying out his bold proj
across the head of the bay, he will
tirely driven away from his long accu

The 'Mauthe Doog' in the pre
obviously connected with the *Wüten*
man superstition, of which "The W
made familiar to English readers
*Freischutz*, is the most familiar typ
or bellowing of dogs at night is r
omen by the peasantry in every par
*Athenæum*

Patronage to Talent.—Denmar
Poor little Denmark, which you
mans a hundred times say ought no
kingdom, allots twenty thousand t
twenty pounds to the advancement
literature, and one thousand six hu
six pounds to paying the travelling e
artists and men of genius, like Thorv
derson, both of whom were sent t
you know the former, after a lon
brought into notice by an English
mark gave her literary and scientif
push, launches them on the sea of l
begin the struggle, and if, like Th
mount its waves triumphantly, wel
with open arms. *Miss Bunbury*

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